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Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

MARCH 2010



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30 PAGES OF SPRING FASHION

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THE SECRET

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Page 88

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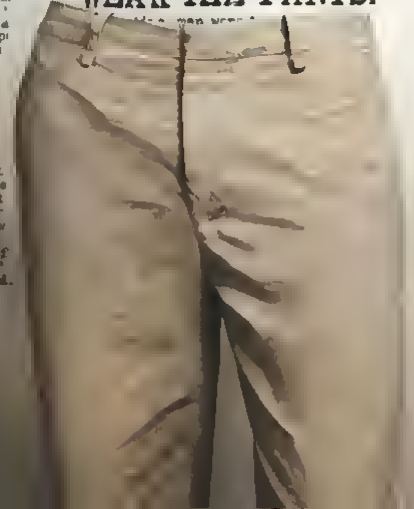
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wear the pant.

Once upon a time, men wore the pants, and wore them well. Women rarely had to open doors and little old ladies never crossed the street alone. Men took charge because that's what they did.

But somewhere along the way, the world decided it no longer needed men. Disco by disco, latte by foamy non-fat latte, men were stripped of their khakis and left stranded on the road between boyhood and androgyny. But today, there are questions our genderless society has no answers for. The world sits idly by as cities crumble, children misbehave and those little old ladies remain on one side of the street. For the first time since bad guys, we need heroes. We need grown-ups. We need men to put down the plastic fork, step away from the salad bar and untie the world from the tracks of complacency. It's time to get your hands dirty. It's time to answer the call of manhood. It's time to WEAR THE PANTS.

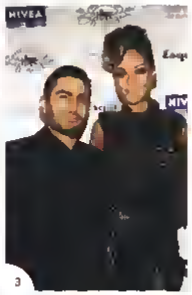


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1 Dinner honorees and music video directors Chris Robinson, Jessy Terrero, Anthony Mandler and Shane Drake 2 Singer Ryan Leslie 3 Hype Marketing CEO and House of Hype Founder Sam Keywantar and Rihanna 4 N Sync's Lance Bass 5 Rihanna attends the 2nd Annual House of Hype Director's Dinner at LEVANTeast 6 Hazel-E Toairra Mari, and Meagan Good 7 NIVEA for Men grooming products featured within the NIVEA for Men Grooming Spa 8 CSI's Adam Rodriguez

Photo Credit: Jerritt Clark

HOUSE OF HYPE'S 2ND ANNUAL DIRECTORS DINNER—PRESENTED BY NIVEA FOR MEN

The House of Hype's 2nd Annual Director's Dinner' was hosted by award winning music video directors Chris Robinson Jessy Terrero Anthony Mandler and Shane Drake The exclusive dinner, held at LEVANTeast in the Hotel on Rivington was presented by NIVEA for Men and Grey Goose

Guests like Rihanna, Pink, Carey Hart, Adam Rodriguez Ryan Leslie and Lance Bass who attended the dinner enjoyed a lavish 5 course dinner, accompanied by Armand de Brignac Champagne Grey Goose and Red Bull cocktails with after dinner coffee provided by Starbucks VIA Ready Brew The evening's music was provided by DJs Cobra and Felli Fel. Guests also had access to the NIVEA for Men Grooming Spa where they experienced the latest must-have grooming products including NIVEA for Men Active3 NIVEA for Men Q10 Lotion NIVEA for Men Sensitive Post Shave Balm and NIVEA for Men Energizing Face Scrub

In the NIVEA for Men Grooming Spa music director Jessy Terrero said "It's all about being clean, clean shaven, soft and smooth—men need to think about skin care Moisturizers are important. Men need to make sure they use a lotion that fits their needs."

To learn more about the NIVEA for Men grooming products that were featured at this event, and to see more exclusive photos from the House of Hype log on to niveaformen.com or houseofhype.com

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Esquire CONTENTS

MARCH 2010
VOL 153 / NO 3

82 HOW DO YOU BECOME LEO DICAPRIO?
It started with a mustard jar Pina His five essential films
Interviewed by Cal Fussman

THE ESSENTIALS
What a man should know about
114 STYLE 130 WOMEN
138 BOOKS 150 MONEY
170 HEALTH

116 WHAT ROGER EBERT CANNOT SAY
Nearly four years ago he lost his ability to talk to drink and to eat. Yet he has never seemed more alive
By Chris Jones

AN ESQUIRE SPECIAL REPORT: THE REPUBLICANS

81 ESQ&A: TIM PAWLENTY
The Minnesota governor whom many expect to run for president in 2012 on bailouts health care whether Obama is a socialist and where Republicans go from here

88 THE SURVEY
Promised anonymity seventy five Republican party leaders respond to questions about Glenn Beck a flat tax what's right and wrong with their party and their favorite Democrat.

122 ANNA TORV IS A WOMAN WE LOVE
Partially because she looks wonderful in boots
Interviewed by Cal Fussman

132 DOING WITHOUT
Giving up for a while one of the seven essentials of life—like sex drinking and Google How s that feel?

148 WHAT I'VE LEARNED CHARLES SCHWAB
"I did all kinds of things as a young person to try to make money I sold chickens "
Interviewed by Mark Warren

182 HOOD
Last November, when Army psychiatrist Nidal Malik Hasan murdered thirteen people at Fort Hood Texas the country watched riveted and scared. But to the people of this small American city, war is nothing new
By Brian Mockenhaupt

(continued on page 30)



ON THE COVER. LEONARDO DICAPRIO PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ESQUIRE BY NIGEL PARRY. SWEATER, SHIRT AND CORDUROY TROUSERS BY DOLCE & GABBANA. PRODUCED BY CAT BURKLEY FOR PORTFOLIO ONE. ADDITIONAL STYLING BY ARIANNE TUNNEY AND GROOMING BY KARA RUA. BOTH FOR TRACEY MATTINGLY

CONTENTS

MARCH 2010
VOL 153 / NO 3



THIS WAY IN
33 The Sound and the Fury
38 Letter from the Editor

MAN AT HIS BEST
47 THE ALTERNATIVE OSCARS

60 A CONVERSATION WITH TRACY MORGAN
In which we learn how two Knicks games could have saved Michael Jackson

64 FUNNY JOKE FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
By Rachelle Aytes

65 WHERE WILL YOU BE CAUGHT: A QUIZ

80 HOW TO PICK YOUR HAIR-CUT: A CHART
Hint: It has something to do with the shirt you're wearing right now

82 THE POCKETFOLIO
The best way to seek refuge from the coming storm of inflation is gold. Or not in the way you might think.
By Ken Knapp

83 ANSWER FELLA
Hair pings, race cars, and why you can't ride a zebra.

84 SEX
Axillary intercourse, simultaneous orgasms, and what her vagina is trying to tell you

87 STYLE
Ten clothing brands that, although they'll cost you a little more, will do what others can't: love you back.

78 A THOUSAND WORDS
War is terrible, but it makes for good TV
By Stephen Marche

101 ESQUIRE STYLE
There are twelve tribes of American style, including the Minimalist, the Woodsman, and the Wasp. Which one is yours?

148 THE ESQUIRE COLLECTION
The twenty-five essential pieces of clothing every man should owe. Plus, how to buy them this afternoon

168 THIS WAY OUT
The Essentials: Useful Equivalents
By Ross McCammon

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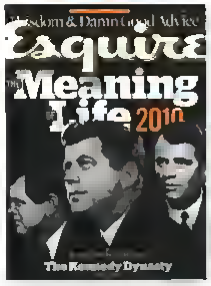
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THIS WAY IN

THE SOUND & THE FURY

This Month in This Way In Your letters! pages 32 34 40 and 42
A (surprisingly interesting) history of the bar code page 42 Insight from Marisa Miller on how to please your girlfriend page 34 A correction disguised as a quiz! page 42 And a good-natured illustrator we unintentionally slighted page 34



WHAT YOU LEARNED FROM WHAT THEY'VE LEARNED. AND MATH!

January marked our ninth annual Meaning of Life issue—a collection of wisdom, insight, and cow milking advice. Along with Jerry Lee Lewis, Alberto Gonzales, and Miss America 2009, this year included a special section devoted to John Robert and Ted Kennedy.

When I read a magazine and something in particular stands out that I want to remember or try to follow up on down the road, I dog-ear the page. There may be one thing in any given magazine, two if it's an exceptional issue. I tagged twelve pages in the Meaning of Life Issue. Good God, I have a lot of living to do.

SCOTT MANEY
Winnetka, Ill

Validation of personal assumptions + newfound insight = best issue ever

JOAQUIN F PALMA
Los Angeles, Calif

I feel like I get a better handle on someone from reading a What I've Learned interview than I ever would from a two-thousand-word feature. It's very polarizing, though. After reading one of these things, I usually end up either really liking someone or hating their guts.

LANE HEAPS
Salt Lake City, Utah

LANE WASN'T KIDDING. YOU EITHER LOVED THESE GUYS...

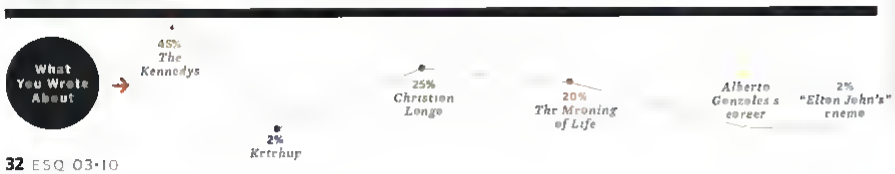
Your interview with Sigourney Weaver was superb. Not only is she getting more and more beautiful with age, she's also a true student of life. I know she's been married for twenty-five years, but I'm tall like she is. Think I have a shot?

TONY BABICH
Philadelphia, Pa

I'm a middle-aged white man living in the suburbs. I've always said that the thing I've learned from being a father is that I'll never love my parents as much as they love me. Then I read 50 Cent's statement, "My son is more important to me than I am to him." At its core, parenting is the

CONTEXT-FREE HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"A full 80 percent of white men in America are Republicans."



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THIS WAY IN

ESSENTIAL KNOWLEDGE FROM MARISA MILLER



If you know a woman, you'll need to know how to buy her a gift. Tips from an expert, below. (For more from the Victoria's Secret Angels, go to esquire.com/angel.)

DO SOMETHING
She's more likely to remember a concert than another necklace.

ASK FOR HELP
Unless you've worn lingerie, you shouldn't shop for it alone. Ask a salesperson for advice.

WHEN IN DOUBT . . .
Flowers.

same for every human on earth.

JEFF SHEPLER
San Rafael, Calif.

What a way to start the new year. I just finished reading the January issue for the fourth time. The article on the Kennedy brothers had great insights into their thoughts and how they affected the history of this great country.

DAVE BARTON
Dalton, Ga.

. . . HATED THEM . . .

What an exemplary group of men: criminals, drunks, sexual deviants, and one murderer. Keep up the fine work.

NEIL FISCH
Chandler, Ariz.

Ninety percent of what happened to Alberto Gonzales was political? He's got that right—a purely political appointee without the chops to have been attorney general. After reading this, I'd say he hasn't learned a thing. He's as defensive and myopic as ever.

PHILLIP J. TROBAUGH
St. Paul, Minn.

. . . OR JUST TURNED THEM OVER

I yearn for the day when journalism finally gets over its misplaced obsession with the Kennedys. My issue will rest facedown on my coffee table.

CRAIG H. WILLIAMS
Avon Lake, Ohio

THE DEATH-ROW INMATE WHO WANTS TO SAVE LIVES

Also in January, Michael Finkel wrote about Christian Longo, who in 2001 murdered his wife and three children ("When Christian Longo Asked If I Wanted to Watch Him Die, I Told Him I Did"). Now on death row, Longo, formerly resigned to his own execution, believes he has found a reason to live. He's created an organization, GAVE, that aims to allow death-row inmates to donate their organs.

This article moved me more than any Esquire article in the past five years. As a father of a four-year-old girl, it sickened me that Longo killed his entire family out of selfish self-pity. I am against the death penalty, but I'll make an exception for this psychopath.

FRITZ HEIBY
Zanesville, Ohio

This man deserves to die for the cold and callous crimes he committed. The fact that he is excited and happy now makes me sick to my stomach.

LIA SACCO
Miami, Fla.

I support Longo's GAVE organization 100 percent. I think he should be executed tomorrow, carved up, and his donated organs thrown into the ocean for the sharks to feast on.

DELANE HOPPES
Shelby, N.C.

CONTEXT FREE
HIGHLIGHT FROM A LETTER WE WON'T BE RUNNING

"I have wee Scottish-Irish lips, so I need to smile in photos or else I appear to be all pursed up."

As I write this, I am sitting in the Philadelphia airport, listening to the patter of excited Christmastime children and jazzy renditions of familiar holiday songs. I can barely choke back the tears after reading Finkel's deeply disturbing and fascinating story regarding his relationship with Longo. I am continually amazed at Esquire's ability to hit me in a profoundly deep spot. You reminded me that even during the most wonderful time of the year, there are those of us who cannot es-

[*continued on page 40*]

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER

In October's Man at His Best, we mentioned the release of a new graphic novel based on contributor Benjamin Percy's short story, "Refresh, Refresh." We did not, however, include the name of the illustrator, Danica Novgorodoff. After contacting us to point out the oversight, Novgorodoff was enough of a good sport to express her frustration in the form of a comic strip.







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THIS WAY IN

A letter from the Editor

THE MAGAZINE IS THE MESSAGE



OVER THE LAST COUPLE YEARS, Esquire has been doing a lot of experimenting with the way magazines are made. We've been messing with the basic elements of a magazine—paper and ink—and we've been using newer technologies to enhance what magazines are capable of.

Eighteen months ago, for our seventy-fifth anniversary, we used electronic paper (the technology behind the Kindle and other e-readers) to make the first moving magazine cover.

In early 2009, we published two issues with covers that were little acts of origami.

Then, in December, we created the first Augmented Reality issue of a magazine (esquire.com/AR).

That same month, we launched a monthly application for the iPhone (it's really good) and, along with our brother publication, *Popular Mechanics*, helped a company called Skiff show what magazines might look like on an actual advanced device like the tablets and e-readers of the near future.

For the last six months or so the world has been abuzz on the topic of translating magazines for the next generation of devices, especially the Apple tablet. Media companies like Time Inc. and Bonnier have been so excited about the prospect of the tablet that they commissioned design consultants to come up with elaborate video presentations of how their magazines *might* look on such a platform. And the magazine industry itself has banded together in its conviction that a large part of the future is going to be on phones and ever-smaller, ever-more-versatile computers.

After our intense experimentation with a lot of these devices, I have to say, I'm not buying that they define our future. I believe they will provide new streams of revenue and help us reach substantial new audiences. But, having worked at this for a while now, I think all these things will end up supporting and enhancing what magazines do, rather than replacing them.

For the last fifteen years, all the hype has been about laying new pipe to facilitate the dissemination of ideas. We've watched, awestruck and credulous, as AOL, and then Google, and then YouTube, Facebook, and Twitter have given us new ways to move information from one place to another on all sorts of new machines. These are the technicians of the new media world. These are the pressmen. It's the equivalent of Gutenberg's press that's had us mesmerized, rather than the words and ideas that were suddenly given life because of it.

But here's the thing: Words and images and ideas work differently—are different—on these new devices. Magazines won't/can't be replicated on the tablet.



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MESSING WITH THE DEVICE

Magic paper: In February we installed a door in our cover. In May we sliced the cover into multiple mix-and-match images of George Clooney, Justin Timberlake, and Barack Obama.

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THIS WAY IN

A Letter from the Editor

There is a power and a beauty contained in magazines that will never be able to be translated to machines. And inevitably, when someone does master how to express ideas in these forms, it will be in a way that's native to those devices—and different from magazines. The medium is the message. Content is not actually all that liquid. The great stuff to be created on the tablet will come out of the form itself—exactly as it has in books, film, video, and every kind of art.

The weird power of magazines derives from the unique collision of words and images and design—and it comes from the fact that a magazine is an experience that you have as a whole, that you spend time with, not glancingly as on the Web or in intervals as on mobile devices.

None of this is to say we won't continue to experiment to find ways to enhance the magazine or to try to master the new forms. We're enthusiasts, and this is the most exciting time to be in creative media. As technology changes, we intend to harness that change to augment and expand this paper-and-ink creation. But what you are holding in your hand is not incidental to the Esquire experience, it is essential.

—DAVID GRANGER

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[*continued from page 34*]

cape from the dark waters of our own mind. And those people are all around us.

TIM CURNS
Beverly Hills, Calif.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT 1984, FOOD, AND ESQUIRE?

Here's just one area where you have enriched my life: food. This Christmas Eve, my brother and I made Sunday Gravy ("Recipes for Men," September) for our family and friends. William Styron's clam chowder (November 1984) is a hit as well. The Coca-Cola-brined chicken (September) has been hard due to temperature issues, but the next time I do it, I will use my shrimp-boiling pot and propane. That'll fix that. Family time is important. And now Esquire is a part of ours.

MARK VILLI
Fresno, Calif.

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THIS WAY IN

I have been a loyal Esquire reader since 1984, when I picked up Esquire on a plane and an article about onion soup caught my attention. I enjoy cooking, so I tore out the page to try the recipe. It has been one of my favorite comfort-food recipes ever since. In fact, I just cooked up a batch over Christmas. (Making the beef stock from marrow bones is still a wonderful tip, well worth the trouble.) My twenty-five-year-old son is also a subscriber, and he thinks that Esquire is great, too. It's cool that we can both agree about something media related.

LARRY FELDMAN
Yonkers, N.Y.

ELSEWHERE IN THE BIN

Every month I look forward to "The Rules" (Man at His Best). I happened to be on an airplane, sitting on the tarmac, when I read Rule No. 831 in the January issue. It said, "When the pilot begins the announcement with 'Well, folks,' what follows will not be good news." I laughed out loud. Not three minutes later, our pilot gets on the speaker and starts, "Well, folks . . ." Brilliant.

MARK CLEVE
Portland, Oreg.

In December's Man at His Best, you suggested something to do every day of the holiday season. My boyfriend and I watched the recommended Victoria's Secret fashion show together (even though you implied a girlfriend or wife would have a problem with it), and it got us both in the mood, which resulted in the best sex I've ever had. So thank you.

CARISSA SYKES
Chico, Calif.

You really should have put a warning before that picture of "Elton John" getting an enema ("2009: The Ultimate Quiz," January). We readers may need therapy if we ever want to get that image out of our minds.

LOUIS A. MAUNEY
Silver Spring, Md.

Letters to the editor may be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, P.O. Box 1704, Sandusky, Ohio 44870. Also, Esquire encourages the use of e-mail (to editor@esquire.com or via the Web at esquire.com/talk) and fax (212-645-4305). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. For subscription questions, please go to service.esquire.com.

BOSTON OR CHICAGO: A VISUAL QUIZ

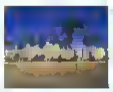


ANSWERS. *1. John Hancock building, Boston. 2. John Hancock building, Chicago. 3. Park Street Church, Boston. 4. Millennium Park, Chicago. 5. Navy Pier, Chicago. 6. Faneuil Hall, Boston. (And not—as we mistakenly attributed it in January's "What I've Learned: The Kennedys"—Chicago. Thanks to those of you who pointed out the error.)*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BAR CODE

1949 Inspired by a grocery-store owner's complaints, Drexel Institute of Technology graduate students Norman Joseph Woodland and Bernard Silver set out to invent a product-scanning system.

1969 After raking his hand through the sand at Miami's South Beach, Woodland first has the idea for the bar code's design.



1974 On June 26 at Marsh's supermarket in Troy, Ohio, the first product is scanned: a pack of Juicy Fruit gum.



1991 First primitive bar code used to identify a freight train.



1992 Basic bar-code and scanner technology patented.

2009 New York City start-up Scanbuy teams with ETH Zurich to produce the first EZCode, which allows you to scan bar codes using a mobile phone.

2010 Esquire incorporates Scanbuy EZCodes into its style section. Scanning them with your camera phone gets you item information, fashion advice, and one-click-buying capability. For instructions, see page 140.

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MAN AT HIS BEST

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THE VOCABULARY

TERMS AND IDEAS YOU WILL ENCOUNTER IN THE PAGES THAT FOLLOW. GREAT FOR CONVERSATION.

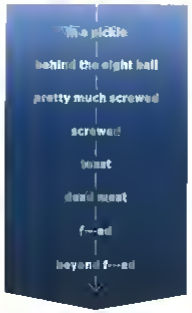


Fig. 1

morganic *adj* OF OR RELATING TO THE COMEDIC SENSIBILITIES OF TRACY MORGAN. (SEE PAGE 50)

EXPERIENCE *n* The act of observing, encountering or undergoing an event or product—e.g., book, TV show, or photograph (SEE PAGE 58)

Fig. 2
Euphemisms for "in trouble" (from least screwed to most screwed) *See page 55*



Trophies for Men



Committing (SEE PAGE 47)



Good acting



Passing, sometimes running



Showing up (school)



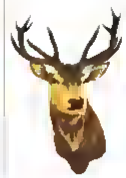
Showing up (work)



Showing up (soccer)



Being rich



Shooting



Softball

Fig. 3

Fig. 4
Things a man should never say nos. 45 to 49



DEFENSIVE ORDERING *v* Requesting an item that is not necessarily what you want but what you know the restaurant or bar won't screw up (SEE PAGE 56)

HAIR DISSONANCE *n* When one's hairstyle does not match one's personality, profession, lifestyle, etc. (SEE PAGE 60)

Guide to Sexual "Spots" (SEE PAGE 64)

G = GRÄFENBERG (AN AREA IN THE VAGINAL WALL, NAMED AFTER A GERMAN GYNECOLOGIST)
A = ANTERIOR FORNIX (AN AREA ON THE VAGINAL "ROOF")
U = URETHRA
C = CANCÚN (GREAT WEATHER, CHEAP)

EUPHEMISM OF THE MONTH

VISITING THE OUTER PROVINCES *v* Having sex with body parts that are not normally had sex with (SEE PAGE 64)



PROMOTION

bing™ & decide

THE NECESSITIES • Joe, like most professionals, is pulled in many directions at once. Relationship, career, softball league—the truth is, Joe is pressed. When he needs information, he needs more than a list of stuff to sift through. Joe barely has time for the gym—so he doesn't have time to simply search the web. He needs to make **informed decisions**. Fast. He needs help.

Joe has found that Bing not only gives him the information he needs, but presents related information that opens up entirely new opportunities and ideas. With its intuitive graphic interface, it's the fastest way Joe's found to not only get the best answers, but to put those answers in context.

He likes the visual organization of Bing, his **decision engine**. Joe has found that Bing helps him sort through a steady avalanche of data to make the best decisions to enhance his arguably over-programmed life.



Trying to decide what Scotch to buy a client, Joe comes across a link to an expert video comparing lowland malts. The expert mentions a small distillery that gives tours. Clicking on the travel link on the page, Joe finds a great companion deal to Scotland—a stroke of brilliant timing. Booking a flight, he's linked to a range of hotels and makes his choice based on some outstanding reviews. **Almost too easy.** If his girlfriend can go, he's set. If not, he just bought a return seat for that case of Scotch. Maybe he should have called her first.



With a few clicks, Joe has **seamlessly** transformed a quick search into an **experience** he will never forget. In the meantime, he can move on to schedule his next league game and check out the latest market news.

The sum total of human experience, delivered in milliseconds, **cross-referenced, customized, and visually stimulating.** Isn't that what every man needs on his desktop? Now if only she'd call him back.

bing

THE 11TH ANNUAL ALTERNATIVE OSCARS



Because *someone* has to be the arbiter of talent among actors, directors and writers in the film industry

[BY THE EDITORS]



BEST IMITATION: Jamal Woolard in *Notorious*
Say what you want about Meryl Streep chirping away in her apron, but the man who would be B.I.G. did more to resurrect the dead this year than just about anybody. He not only gets the physical stuff right—nobody swaggered like Biggie, except maybe Woolard—but by performing most of the rap sequences himself and nailing Biggie's tripping cadence, soft sibilance, and breathy boom, Woolard captures all of the menace and vulnerability that turned a drug dealing son of Bed-Stuy into a hip-hop martyr. Respect.

BEST SCENE IN A BAD FILM: The first seven minutes of *Public Enemies*
There's brotherhood, Dillinger (Johnny Depp) comes to prison to break out his crew. There's bravado. He tells a guard, "My friends call me John, but a son-of-a-bitch screw like you better refer to me as Mr. Dillinger." There's more bravado. Dillinger stands out in the open in front of the prison, shooting back at the guards with a tommy gun. And then there's the rest of the movie—murky and dull, without even the minimal plot needed to get you to the next gunfight.

BIGGEST WASTE OF A FANTASTIC NEW MILIEU: *Sunshine Cleaning*
Trauma-scene cleanup services.

BEST FIGHT IN A SMALL ROOM: The drunken fight in the barracks in *The Hurt Locker*

BEST MOVIE NO ONE SAW: *Gomorrah*
What if somebody made the most fascinating, visually beautiful movie about organized crime since *GoodFellas*, and nobody showed up to see it? That's more or less what happened when this Italian drama came our in U.S. theaters last February. Five intertwined stories combine for a top-down view of the Neapolitan Mafia, and it's a thrilling education in the dirty, bloody ways of moh life.

MOST QUOTABLE LINE FROM A STUPID MOVIE: Michael Peña in *Observe and Report*
"You might think that I float, you know, maybe even walk on water and stuff. But I mean to tell you that sometimes I drink out of the volcano."

BEST FOUR-MINUTE STRETCH: *Up*
Boy and girl get married, boy and girl live a long, mostly happy life together, girl dies and leaves boy all alone with an empty house and a bunch of balloons. *Up*'s already famous backstory montage offers the full measure of a marriage in four crisp minutes, and that it does so without any dialogue whatsoever is all the more astonishing. Try watching it without hoping you go first.



BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN TITLE: *Drag Me to Hell*

WORST ACHIEVEMENT IN TITLE: *Humpday*

MOST CONFUSING TITLE: *Extract*
Where do you place the emphasis?

BEST SLEAZEBALL: Jason Bateman in *State of Play*

BEST SLEAZEBALL II: Jason Bateman in *Up in the Air*



WIDOW OF THE YEAR: Carey Mulligan in *Brothers*
For all the star is born talk surrounding Mulligan in *An Education*, it was not her best work of the year. In *Brothers*, the 24-year-old Londoner plays (or, more accurately, underplays) the widow of a U.S. soldier killed by one of the main characters. Her English hits is flattened to a midwestern hum and her bubbly charisma turned all the way down, and her portrayal stays with you long after the movie ends.



MOST THOUGHT-PROVOKING CLIMAX: Liam Neeson in *Taken*
In *Taken*, when Liam Neeson jumps from the car to the bridge onto the moving boat to rescue his daughter from the sheik's ten armed-to-the-tits security guards, it makes you think. Which was harder that or earlier in the movie, when he escaped from, like, 100 sex traffickers who chased him through their own compound, shooting at him incessantly and failing him →

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

That chicken in The Hangover



The Hangover was a massive hit partly because it was the first comedy in years that was actually funnier than its trailer—less so here, Will Ferrell—but more because it was anchored by a single breakout bravura performance. Not Zach Galifianakis's turn as the psycho semi-retarded brother-in-law, although he was pretty good. The real hero of *The Hangover* is the chicken.

The chicken's brooding smoldering presence in the hotel suite made what might have been an ordinary bawdy comedy into something transcendent. A less capable actor, a cowardly actor, might have tried too hard, might have been unable to resist hitting the audience over its collective head with a hammer. But that beautiful cocksure chicken trusted the material and it trusted its chicken instincts. It trusted us, too—trusted us to get the joke without having it explained to us, without diagrams and maps. There was no talk of motivation, no origin myth, no script-by-numbers ribbon tying, everything grounded in context and meticulous backstory. Life isn't like that. Life is chaos, the thrill of the unknown, the beauty of mystery and what comes next. Sometimes we don't need a reason or a signpost. Sometimes, life just is.

And so it was with that magnificent chicken, with its perfectly timed squawks and walk throughs.

That chicken was present. That chicken was elemental man. That chicken belonged. —CHRIS JONES

← In speeding SUVs for about ten minutes, but couldn't catch him?

BEST FREAKISHLY MATURE PERFORMANCE BY CHILDREN. The kids in *Brothers*
So good, they're bad

EASIEST CASTING DECISION: Keanu Reeves in *The Private Lives of Pippa Lee*
The obtuse, laconic, slightly wooden Keanu Reeves as Robin Wright Penn's obtuse, laconic, slightly wooden love interest in *The Private Lives of Pippa Lee*



DWARF OF THE YEAR: Verl[illegible] Troyer in *The Imaginarium of Doctor Parnassus*
Christopher Plummer as the film's odd and possibly insane title character's loyal, witty, endearing sidekick. "What would I do without you?" Troyer, as the sidekick. "Get a midget."

WTF of 2009: *Brief Interviews with Hideous Men* directed by John Krasinski

GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN RUINOUS ENDING OF A GREAT MOVIE.
An Education

GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN RUINOUS ENDING OF A GOOD BOOK THAT RUINS A GOOD MOVIE EVEN MORE:
The Road



EXTREMELY SUPPORTING ACTRESS OF THE YEAR
Melanie Lynskey
The boozy wife unable to bear her own children in *Away We Go*. George Clooney's sister whose fiance almost leaves her at the altar in *Up in the Air*. And Matt Damon's supportive, then incredulous wife in *The Informant!* (pictured)

LETDOWNS OF THE YEAR:
Away We Go directed by Sam Mendes
Extract directed by Mike Judge
Taking Woodstock directed by Ang Lee



ORAGQUEEN OF THE YEAR: Liev Schreiber in *Taking Woodstock*

ACHIEVEMENT IN ACTING WHILE ENACTING THE DRAINING OF A NECK CYST. Richard Kind in [illegible]*us Man*

BIGGEST WASTE OF TALENT
Luis Guzmán in *The Taking of Pelham 123*
We could be wrong, but did Guzmán have *any* lines in this movie? Travesty.

BEST USE OF ROME
Duplicity
The Piazza in front of the Pantheon

WORST USE OF ROME:
Angels & Demons
The Piazza in front of the Pantheon

BEST ABSOLUTE FREAK-OUT: The grieving family in *The Messenger*
When Woody Harrelson, who plays an army death-notification officer, delivers the news to a family that their son has been killed, the mother utterly explodes on Harrelson, screaming at him and beating him as he reads from the army's death notification script. Turns out the actress didn't know what was coming, either.



SPECIAL ENGINEERING AWARD: Jamie Foxx's hair in *The Soloist*
He let it do most of the crazy.

ACHIEVEMENT IN F---
The [illegible] lines delivered by Peter Capaldi as Malcolm Tucker, communications director for the British prime minister in *In the Loop*
10. "Within your 'purview'? Where do you think you are, some f---ing Regency costume drama? This is a government department, not a f[illegible]ing Jane f---ing Austen novel."
9. "The intelligence we've got is so deep, so f---ing hard, it'll f[illegible]ing puncture your kidneys."
8. "Just f[illegible]ing do it! Otherwise you'll find yourself in the Caucasus, in a medieval war zone with your arse in the air, trying to persuade a group of men in balaclavas that sustained sexual violence is not the f--ing way forward."
7. "Don't get sarcastic with me, son. We burned this tight-arsed city to the ground in 1814. And I'm all for doing it again, starting with you, you frat f--."
6. "Okay f[illegible]ety bye."
5. "I've just come from a briefing with a nine-year old child. His briefing notes were written in Alphabetti Spaghetti. When I left, I nearly tripped up over his f[illegible]ing umbilical cord."
4. "And here we are. The f--ing vice-president has also graced us with his presence. Give him a bottle of milk."
3. "In the words of the late, great Nat King f--ing Cole, unforeseeable, that's what you are."
2. "In here, you can influence things, you can delay things. Out there, you're just another f---ing mouthy, f--ing shouty mad f---er who people don't want to make eye contact with."
1. "Sorry, sorry. I know that you disapprove of swearing, so I'll sort that out. You are a boring F star, star, *cunt*!"



+ Esquire = (At the App Store now)



THE CONVERSATION: TRACY MORGAN

At Tracy Morgan's SoHo loft in Manhattan. Besides his 30 Rock *gig, he's currently costarring with Bruce Willis in* Cop Out *(out February 26). Esquire writer at large Scott Raab brought the food*

TRACY MORGAN: I didn't want to be in a restaurant. I'd rather us be here, in my home.
SCOTT RAAB: There's a couple salads, and there's Korean chicken wings.
TM: Cool.
SR: I love these Korean wings. They have the real thin skin.
TM: I'll let you know what's happening.
SR: I think this is the hotter stuff. If you're looking for spicy.
TM: I can't eat the hotter stuff.
SR: This all right?
TM: Yeah. This right here is what I always dreamed about—sitting in my living room with a journalist.
SR: Really?
TM: This is what Richard Pryor did. This is what Marvin Gaye did. Documenting it all—good, bad, and the ugly. That's the way my life is. It's performance.
SR: I miss Marvin Gaye.
TM: Jay Z is our modern day Marvin Gaye. Marvin Gaye had "What's Going On." Jay Z's got a song on his new album—"What We Talkin' About." What do we talk about on TV? What is the music saying to us? Nothing. There was a time when shit was happening in this country. There was a movement. What's the movement now? Do you feel anything?
SR: Not really.
TM: I've always had my finger on the pulse of this shit. Even when I'm sitting up in this glass castle. I still got my street soldiers telling me what's happening. I know what's goin' on in the streets, and guess what's happening?
SR: What's happening?
TM: Ain't shit happening. The same shit been happening for the last 30 fucking years. Ain't nothin' changed out there.
SR: No movement?
TM: We got a black president and we lost Michael. Other than that, what is happening? What are we talkin' about? Tiger. He's a fucking golfer. He's just a fucking golfer.
SR: He's still a very impressive example of a guy fucking up.
TM: I think he was lacking—he got a billion dollars and only 14 women came forth? He should've had 114. Motherfucker got a billion dollars. I'm ready to give him some. I'd let him suck on one of these titties.
SR: No offense, but the world has seen enough of those titties.
TM: Naw, they love my body. I'm a sex symbol. Some women love it like this—that's all steak and potatoes right there.
SR: Feh.
TM: Only thing I don't like about Tiger is when he didn't admit that he's black. Bullshit. Your father's name is Earl. Woods. And he drove a white van. He's *black*.
SR: Cablinasian.
TM: He *black*.
SR: I love the line you put in your book about how every Jewish man has to love one... ah...
TM: Black.
SR: Yeah. Black.
TM: I'm glad Lorne Michaels chose me, man. That's my man. Lorney Lorne.
SR: Mine's LeBron. I'm a Cleveland guy.
TM: He's leaving.
SR: I don't believe that.
TM: He's leaving.
SR: I can't believe that.
TM: He's leaving. Why stay in Cleveland? He's coming here. Can I tell you why? Wall Street is right down the block. Jay Z is right down the block.
SR: He ain't coming.
TM: We'll see. If we don't get him, we'll get Wade.◆

NEW THIS MONTH



Lizzy Caplan
The sadly under appreciated actress Lizzy Caplan kicks off a busy year starring with Hot Tub Time Machine

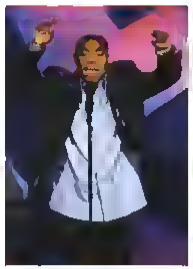


90s Basketball Nostalgia
ESPN's documentary Winning Time: Reggie Miller vs. the New York Knicks *humanizes the bizarre rivalry between Miller and unofficial Knicks mascot Spike Lee.*



Frightened Rabbit
Glasgow's Frightened Rabbit releases its third full-length album The Winter of Mixed Drinks. *Sad, angry, catchy.*

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LIFE IS NOT IN RECESSION
WARNING:
THIS PRODUCT MAY CAUSE MOUTH CANCER






FROM LEFT: Tracy Morgan doing stand-up in 2008, as Brian Fellow on *Saturday Night Live*, as Tracy Jordan on *30 Rock*, as Paul, an NYPD detective, opposite Bruce Willis in *Cop Out* (out February 26), directed by Kevin Smith.

SR You've hung in there with the Knicks.

TM I'm always going to stay with the Knicks. Good, bad, and ugly. I'll stay with the Knicks. I wish I could've got to Michael Jackson—two Knicks games would've cleared all that shit up. I'da took him to the Knicks games—"Man, go get some hot dogs. I know the paparazzi are standing there, but they not gonna hurt you. Cut that crazy shit out, man. You're not making music for humans no more, you're making music for the monkey. You don't need no fucking propofol—go get you some pussy." He just needed somebody to do something regular with him.

SR That poor guy was scared of his own shadow.

TM Don't you think I'm scared? Every day, motherfucker. But I got to do my job. You got to be scared. 'Cause if you ain't scared, you got no need for guts. It take guts for you to come up to my house with food. It take guts just to come out your door—you don't know what the fuck gonna happen out there, man.

SR Especially on New Jersey Transit.

TM But you gotta go. Control that shit. I never told a joke in my fucking life. I don't do that. The shit I see is hillarious. How we treat each other—hillarious. How people fly off the handle for nothing, go off the deep end for nothing. If you hate your job, motherfucker, just quit. You hate your spouse? Leave. Leave. Stop being scared.

SR That's a nice bracelet, man. I'm not easily blinged, but that's a fine bracelet.

TM: Thank you.

SR Jewish men can't pull that shit off.

TM: Yes, you can. You'd be surprised. The ladies love shiny things. Like a fish.

SR I sometimes make a little foil cap for my Johnson. That's as far as I'll go.

TM: When I go to clubs, I don't even got to say nothing. I just sit there with my bracelet dangling. That's money.

SR: I've heard stars say that when they hit it big, they didn't change, but everyone around them did.

TM: People who hate you treat you worse, and people who like you treat you too nice. And it's all fake. You know how many people didn't believe I was gonna be a comedian and now they treat me like the gold-en child? When I said I was gonna be a comedian, my mom said, "Mother tucker, you better go down to UPS—they hiring." Most people don't make it in show business because they can't deal with the fucking rejection. Most people can't take it on a normal basis. Stand-up don't get no respect—it's the hardest thing to do in show business. You don't have no band and there's no music.

SR And the people pay good money to stare at you.

TM This is what they say: "Make me laugh." Wait a minute. Did you come in here with the intentions of laughing? What do you mean, make you laugh? I can't do that. That's just like getting in bed with a woman and she says, "Make me come—I'm just gonna lie here." I never wanted the ha-ha-ha laughter, I always aimed for the gut. I always aimed for the pretty girls in the front row, laughing and leaning over and pooting.

SR. Maybe that's why your stand-ups a little raw for some folks.

TM: It I don't offend somebody, then I'm probably not funny. Everybody didn't grow up with Jerry Seinfeld, and everybody can't be Ray Romano. I grew up on Redd Foxx. I grew up on Eddie Murphy. I like saying "motherfucker" without curbing it. You get your point across when you say "motherfucker." It's simple—it's just an exclamation point.

SR I think race has something to do with it.

TM Maybe. Most black entertainers have inferiority complexes, motherfucker. You can't make FUBU jeans, motherfucker. White people like to wear jeans, too. You can't do that—that's why that shit is not around. White people want to wear jeans, too.

SR But if a loud man of color shouts "Motherfucker" a certain number of white people are going to seize up.

TM It's comedy. Comedy clubs are sacred ground. That's where any thing goes. I never got into that black white shit, man. My father had white people in the house since I was a kid. So I never developed that inferiority complex. My father was an artist, and when you dealing with art, you don't give a fuck about none of that shit. Just play the chords right.

"WE GOT A BLACK PRESIDENT AND WE LOST MICHAEL. OTHER THAN THAT, WHAT IS HAPPENING? TIGER. HE'S A F---ING GOLFER. HE'S JUST A F---ING GOLFER."

PERFECT SONG OF THE MONTH

The foundation of Shout Out Louds' "Walls" rests on a spiralling piano part that's almost wickedly simple. "Chopsticks" simple. A third grader with ten spare minutes could probably reverse engineer it. But these Swedish indie-pop veterans have finessed it into a truly memorable moment—post-Phoenix/MGMT synthesizer flourishes are everywhere, but too rarely does a modern pop song leave you humming an old-fashioned man-made piano hook. A midpoint transition then picks up the pace behind some rollicking horns and a chanted chorus that sounds like Robert Smith but gleeful. Great song.
—Andy Langer

THE RULES **RULE NO. 363.** *Your fruit salad will have too much melon.* **RULE NO. 378.** *You might say "so forth" or you might say "so on," but unless you're over 60, you don't say "so forth and so on."* **RULE NO. 382.** *Between now and the next time you're at a Chinese restaurant, you will not drink a Chinese beer.* **RULE NO. 398.** *If you're wearing a cardigan, you should also be carving a turkey.*

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MaHB

FUNNY* JOKE FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN



AS TOLD BY

Rochelle Aytes

A man with an incredibly small penis takes his new girlfriend to bed for the first time, and because he's not proud of his incredibly small penis, he insists that they turn off the lights. Once it's dark, he makes his move and puts his erection in her hand, and she says, "No thanks, I don't smoke."

ABOUT THE JOKESTER

We could say that we've had our eye on Rochelle Aytes since catching her in *Madea's Family Reunion* but it just wouldn't be true. The 33 year-old actress first got our attention on ABC's *The Forgotten*, now in the middle of its first season and starring the former ballerina as a Chicago cop who solves cold cases. "She's tough but not a bitch," says Aytes, and although we respectfully disagree, there are more pressing topics on the table. Like what fans usually say when they approach her. "Most of them tell me how much they loved the grits scene in *Madea*." And you know what? That scene, with Aytes's character throwing hot grits on her abusive fiancé, is indeed pretty memorable. And so is she.

—RICHARD DORMENT

* Esquire cannot guarantee that this joke will be funny to everyone.

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WHEN WILL YOU BE CAUGHT?

A fun quiz for predicting the inevitable

Select which answers apply, then add up assigned points.

1 Are you cheating?
Yes (10)
No (-500)
Not right now (5)
Define "cheating" (7)

2 How often do you cheat?
Once a month (2)
Once a week (5)
Daily (10)
I'm cheating right now (15)

3 The woman on the side is.
A coworker (10)
A friend or relative of your wife or girlfriend (20)
Imaginary (1)

4 Is she married?
Yes (0) No (25)

5 Is your mistress's name similar to your wife or girlfriend's name?
Yes (15) No (0)

6 Which of the following people know about your affair.
Your colleagues (2)
Your kids (5)
Your friends (5)
Her friends (30)
Your wife (100)

7 When you tell your wife or girlfriend about your day, is she listening?
Yes (2) No (0)

8 True or false: You were elected to your job.
True (20) False (0)

9 When you're with your wife or girlfriend and an attractive woman walks by, you:
Say "That's what I'm talkin' 'bout!" (10)
Blinders man. Blinders. (5)

10 How do you communicate with your mistress? (Mark all that apply.)
E-mail (3)
E-mail, but on a separate e-mail account (0)
Text message (5)
Text message, but on a disposable cell phone (1)
Work phone (1)
Home phone (4)
Through our hearts (-5)

11 Do you remember to turn off the automatic chat transcript on e-mail?
Yes (0) No (10)

12 How often do you delete your mistress's e-mails?
Upon receipt (0)
Never (10)
After masturbating to them (20)
She's not allowed to e-mail you (-5)

13 Which e-mail accounts do you have?
The only one I've ever had (20)
The other one (5)

14 Your e-mail password is:
A random series of numbers and letters (including capitals!) (0)
One of your children's names (3)
Your wedding date (5)
Don't know. It's saved on your computer (20)

15 How often do you delete items in your sent folder?
Hourly (1)
Daily (2)
Weekly (4)
Once a month (7)
Never (10)

16 What is this?



An enduring symbol of love (0)
No idea (10)

17 How drunk are you right now?
Not at all (0)
Buzzed (3)
Inebriated (5)
True (10)

18 Does your mistress wear perfume?
No (0)
Yes (5)
Yes, but it's the same as my wife/girlfriend's (1)

19 Do you understand the idea of the "information cloud"?
Yes (15) No (0)

20 Does your skin bruise easily?
Yes (10) No (0)

21 Has your mistress ever been to your house?
No (0)
Yes, but only when your wife was away on business. (5)
Yes. In fact, she's taking this quiz with you. (20)

22 Which of the following places might your mistress just "freakin' show up at"
Your office (5)
A bar with your friends (10)
Your house (15)

23 What does your wife or girlfriend ask when you first get home?
How are you? (0)
What the hell? (20)

24 Given enough time, could your wife or girlfriend "break you down"?
Yes (20) No (-10)

25 On a night that you see your mistress, you are most likely to bring home:
Dinner (0)
Flowers (-5)
Puppy (5)
Rash (15)

26 When your children look at you, they:
Smile (0)
Frown (30)
N/A (0)

27 You are:
An idiot (20)
Not an idiot (15)

28 How many friends does your wife or girlfriend have in your town?
15 or more (10)
Five to ten (2)
One, and she was the homebound star of TLC's *The Woman with Giant Legs*. (0)

29 Would TMZ pay for information about you?
Yes (30)
No (0)
What if I'm Mario Lopez? (0)

30 What is your wife or girlfriend's profession?
Forensic something or other (20)
Lawyer (10)
Detective (15)
Other (0)

31 You pay for your nights out with:
A credit card (20)
Cash (0)

32 Are you screwing around?
Say your answer out loud. Add 5 points for every "uh."

Answer Key

More than 250 points. You have been caught.
201 to 250: Tomorrow.
101 to 200: Next week.
Less than 100: Next month.

A DRINK YOU CAN DEPEND ON

A tribute to the Rob Roy Because it's rarely screwed up

BY DAVID WONDRICH



Esquire's Best Bars in America

THE MONTHLY UPDATE



R BAR
1617 Genessee Street Kansas City, Missouri 816-471-1777

Kansas City has an excellent modern speak easy (Manifes to, at 1924 Main enter through the alley around back). That's exciting enough. But the new R Bar is a classic looking almost patina ed bar and grill with good modern food and, best of all, speakeasy style drinks: real cocktails—the ja lop is excellent—nothing too fancy but not the same-old same-old either. Plus, if it gets a hand in and it does, it's a good one, playing just the kind of music you'd expect in a part of town called the West Bottoms.

Here we are, ten years into a revolution in the way America makes and drinks cocktails, and it can still be damned difficult to get a good one. Sure, you can go to one of the new speakeasy-style boutique cocktail joints. By now, almost every city of any size has at least one. Your drinks will be good. You'll probably even meet interesting people. But you'll pay a lot of money for those drinks, and—the real problem—you'll miss out on one of the greatest things a bar can offer: Patina, let's call it: that intangible feel of comfort and security that drinking in a place that was open for business when your grandfather was barely legal gives. The modern speakeasies will get that one day, but if you wait for it, it'll be a long time between drinks.

Unfortunately, the modern cocktail palate can be a picky one, and in our experience most places that have been around long enough to get that patina are, let's say, not obsessed with current trends in mixology. In joints like that, we order a Rob Roy. We might: all things considered, prefer a manhattan, but something has happened to manhattan-making out in the wild that has rendered it a risky choice. You would think that two parts rye or bourbon, one part red vermouth, and a couple dashes of bitters would be hard to screw up. But most non-geek bartenders, reasoning from the dry martini, seem to believe that vermouth is toxic and use only a tiny splash, leaving you with a big glass of (often) lukewarm whiskey. (Whiskey is not gin; it needs vermouth and can stand up to it perfectly fine.) Then, realizing that this isn't all that appetizing, they attempt to fix things by splashing in the yuck from the maraschino-cherry jar, thus compounding the error.

Rather than argue with an otherwise-wonderful bartender, we'd rather make an end run. A Rob Roy (New York drink, 1890s, named after a show) is nothing more than a Scotch manhattan. But that's the last way you want to order it. Just say, "Rob Roy." If the bartender knows it, he'll make it the way it is in the book. Good. If not, simply say "Two parts Scotch, one part red vermouth, couple dashes of bitters." Done. If you are offered a cherry, decline that offer. Twist. Now, drink in hand, you may take in the generations' worth of crap on the walls, enjoy the story the old-timer next to you is telling, appreciate the polka records on the jukebox. Best of both worlds.

How to make a Rob Roy:
Stir with cracked ice:
2 oz Famous Grouse (or other good blended Scotch)
1 oz red vermouth
2 dashes Angostura bitters
Strain into chilled cocktail glass and twist swatch of thin cut lemon peel over the top.

How to make a more interesting Rob Roy:
Stir with cracked ice
1½ oz Compass Box Asyla blended Scotch
(or Johnnie Walker Black)
½ oz Carpano Antica vermouth
2 dashes Regans' Orange Bitters No. 6
Strain into chilled cocktail glass and garnish with an imported Luxardo-brand maraschino cherry

Extravagance of the Month ▶ **Picture this:** Everyone's sitting around wondering what you've done with the bar. Then you wheel it in: a real live 4-line bar cart. If your friends are anything like us, they will have been trained by years of flying to salivate, fidget, and be overwhelmed with desire for strong drink and it doesn't matter what kind when one of these heaves into view. No need to mix drinks. Just stock it with minis and cans of beer and they'll love you forever. That's $1,500 well spent. Al Carts bar cart, alcarts.com, or at Bar Keeper in Los Angeles (323 669 1675). —D.W.



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Ascot Chang's Spring 2010 collection of ready-to-wear shirts feature bold stripes in striking colors. Made with 100s 2-ply Italian cotton shirting, these shirts are the perfect addition to any man's wardrobe as they add a sophisticated flair to even the most basic navy and gray suitings.

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Born handcrafted footwear brings luxurious comfort and impeccable styling and detail to this classic nautical look — perfect for an active day on the water, or to just slip on with a great pair of shorts or your favorite jeans or khakis. This fresh take on nautical features exquisite leathers designed in beautiful sun-drenched colors and in a rich chocolate brown.

To see the entire collection of Born for Spring/Summer 2010, or to buy the Henri shown here, visit us at bornshoes.com.

Børn





The Epson PictureMate Charm is easy to use and prints good clear snappy images in less than a minute.

[1]

A MAN AND HIS PHOTOS

Thousands of memories won't do you any good unless you show them off

[BY BARRY SONNENFELD]

One of the scary things about my relationship with electronic devices is that I've let some of them become surrogate experiencers. If TiVo something, I don't have to watch it. Once I Kindle a new book, I don't have to read it. At some point, I stopped *actually* experiencing things in favor of *electronically* experiencing them—which is not really experiencing them at all. Nowhere is this more apparent than in my photo collection.

Of the 20,000 photos I have stored on my MacBook Pro, I've printed none. Sure, I transferred a few to my iPhone to more easily show off the view from my deck in Telluride, Colorado, but basically, once I put photos on my computer, they're gone. This means that when I wander through my home and look at framed photos of my beautiful family, I'm looking at pictures that are predigital—at least six years old. And while I do like how thin I look in those pictures (and how my daughter, Chloe, looks as if she actually likes me), I figured it was time to print a few new ones.

The top three small, dedicated photo printers I tested are compact and easy to use. While all three attach to your computer, you can also place your memory card directly into the machine, which has a built-in LCD screen you can use to make rudimentary fixes (red-eye, flesh tone, etc.) and choose which photos you want to print. Photos from all three printers run about the same price—25 to 35 cents apiece for ink and paper.

My favorite was the [1] **Epson PictureMate Charm** ($150, epsonstore.com). It produced the best combination of color saturation, sharpness, and contrast. The small white cube produces a four-by-six color photo in less than a minute. It is fairly basic (no Bluetooth, limited wacky built-in frames), but all I'm looking for is a good, clear, snappy print.

Like many Sony products, the [2] **PictureStation DPP-FP97** ($200, sonystyle.com) has a confusing computer interface, and I found it easier transferring the photos I wanted to print to an SD card first. The Picture Station uses dye-sublimation printing, which gives pictures a rich, saturated quality. They looked as good as with the Epson, except in contrasty scenes where the Epson was more natural. Plus, they're coated for durability. The Sony has a low profile (except for the paper tray, which sticks out quite a bit), and it felt the sturdiest of the bunch. You can hook up the Sony to a video monitor and play your images using an HDMI cable, but I don't see that happening often.

The [3] **HP Photosmart A646** ($150, hpshopping.com) will print images up to five-by-seven inches. It has built-in Bluetooth—so you can send snaps to it directly from your smartphone—a big LCD screen for editing photos without your computer, and a keyboard for adding captions to your photos. The images from the HP were a little murkier and lacked the crisp quality of the other two, but if you're printing directly from your cell phone, this is your printer.

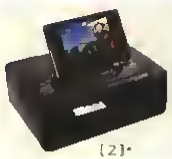
Depending on your needs, you can't go wrong with any of these printers. I displayed a few of the new prints around my house, and it's become a good reminder that my real life isn't virtual. Just don't make me watch all that stuff I've TiVo'd.

Barry Sonnenfeld is a Hollywood producer and director. For extended video versions of his Digital Man columns, go to crackle.com.

ADHESIVE BASED PRODUCT OF THE MONTH



Although a novelty, the Polaroid PoGo ($42, amazon.com) is perfect for printing small photos via Bluetooth. After taking a photo with my phone and sending it to the PoGo, in about a minute I had a two- by three-inch printout. The adhesive on the back lets you stick these cute photos on your door, your fridge, or your sleeping wife. Sweetness forehead (to remind her how funny you are). The PoGo has a rechargeable battery pack so you can take it with you and print anywhere. The images are small and a little muddy, but for a dreary party or a car collision insurance invoice, it might be just the thing. —B.S.



[2]

The Sony Picture Station produces photos that are rich and saturated. And they're coated for durability.

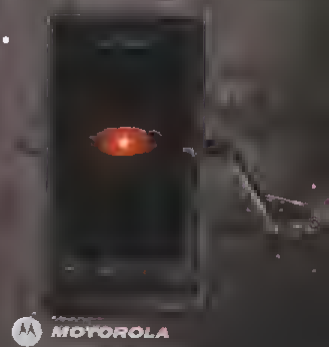


[3]

The HP Photosmart has built-in Bluetooth and a big LCD screen for computer-free photo editing.

IF HISTORY HAS TAUGHT US ANYTHING, IT'S THIS. A MAN WITH HIS OWN ROBOT IS NEVER LOST.

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HOW TO PICK A HAIRCUT

(BY RODNEY CUTLER)

Despite most people's assumption, your hairstyle should be a direct reflection of your lifestyle—not the number of candles on your birthday cake. So if you picked your own clothes this morning, you've basically picked your haircut. Take a look at the options below. Find the one that most resembles what you wear to work and you'll find your appropriate haircut, along with tips on maintenance, styling, and how much you can expect to pay your barber. (Bald readers please skip to the next page, with our apologies.)

Rodney Cutler is an Ironman triathlete and the owner of Cutler Salons in New York City and Miami.

YOUR STYLE: BUSINESS



YOUR HAIRSTYLE
Groomed but not uptight.

MAINTENANCE:
Your hair should look squeaky clean, so use a lightweight shampoo every day. Style with a little bit of pomade, like Redken's Polish Up ($16, redken.com). And if you're going gray, be sure to pick something opalescent. Anything with color will show on your hair.

CUT
Every three to four weeks by an absolute professional. Scissors only.

EXPENSE
$$$$

YOUR STYLE: BUSINESS CASUAL



YOUR HAIRSTYLE
Formal enough to belong in an office, stylish enough to fit in at a pub.

MAINTENANCE:
Wash every other day to let your natural oils help weigh your hair down. Something like Shu Uemura's Frame Wax ($30, shuuemuraartofhair.usa.com) will give you a little control without looking too shiny.

CUT:
Every four to five weeks. There's art in a cut that looks as if you did it at home. Be ready to pay for it.

EXPENSE:
$$$

YOUR STYLE: CREATIVE



YOUR HAIRSTYLE
Carefree-looking layers that actually took all morning.

MAINTENANCE
Wash two or three times a week. (Just don't let anyone touch it on that third day.) Work a little bit of light styling cream, like John Allan's Tough ($18, johnallans.com), through your hair for volume and hold.

CUT
Every six to seven weeks. Your barber should be talented enough to layer your hair, but your styling can hide a mediocre haircut.

EXPENSE
$$

YOUR STYLE: ARTISANAL



YOUR HAIRSTYLE
Simple...for fear of ridicule.

MAINTENANCE:
Wash daily with a dual-purpose soap, like Woody's Meat & Potatoes Bar ($16, woodysgrooming.com), that'll also work on your body. If your hair looks puffy, try a gel like L'Oréal Professionnel Homme Strong Hold ($16, us.loreal-professionnel.com).

CUT:
Every two weeks, at say Supercuts. And remember: The less dented your head, the shorter you can go.

EXPENSE:
$

THE ENDORSEMENT



Mitt Romney's Hair

Mitt Romney's haircut makes him look like a lot of things: a cabaret singer, an unenthusiastic Elvis impersonator, a Mormon. But there's one thing it does not make him look like: a politician. Unlike Henry Reed, John Edwards, and any one on Meet the Press, *he doesn't have a low side part. His hair is swept across whatever expanse his forehead has turned into. Instead, it's slicked back. There's some gel in there, along with just a little style. He's trying. And in an industry as dedicated to conformity as it is to pandering, that makes for an icon. His haircut, at least. —R.C.*

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A HEDGE FUND FOR LITTLE GUYS

Now you can play the futures markets—and hedge the coming nightmare of inflation—like the big boys

BY KEN KURSON

I recently received $100 trillion in the mail.

It's in Zimbabwean dollars and it's the bill with the largest figure ever printed in the history of money. It was sent as an eye-catching "we're fucked" holiday card from Jonathan Hoenig, an old friend who started out as a financial writer like me before he deduced that he could make a ton more running his own hedge fund.

When Zimbabwe first printed the 100-trillion-dollar bill in January 2009, it was worth about $30 U.S. By the time Hoenig sent it to everyone on his Christmas-card list, it was entirely worthless, the victim of Zimbabwe's inflation rate—incomprehensible billions of percent. The point was not to ridicule an African nation shredded by famine, an AIDS epidemic, and perhaps the most brutal dictator of the 21st century. The point was to dramatize a fundamental misconception that Americans hold as inviolable—that three bucks will always buy a slice of pizza or a gallon of gas.

I'm worried about inflation. Real worried. Our bipartisan addiction to spending and borrowing pairs with a hostility toward employers that makes real recovery difficult. I think we're about to experience the kind of vicious inflation that remakes entire economies. Not Zimbabwe or Weimar Germany. But the kind of Carter-level double-digit wealth erosion that *Time* magazine described in 1980 as "so far beyond anything that Americans have experienced in peacetime — as to inspire a contagion of fear."

Happily, there's a play. There's always a play.

Commodities rise in lockstep with inflation. So anyone worried about inflation could hedge by buying a broad-based mutual fund that tracks the Goldman Sachs Commodity Index, like the **Oppenheimer Commodity Strategy Total Return Fund.** But commodities are complicated and volatile. What if I want more active management than I'd get from a broad-based commodity mutual fund, which is confined by the tight strictures of the prospectus?

I've been intrigued by the explosive growth of the managed-futures market since it started taking off around 2003. The idea is obvious enough. An investor who hasn't the skill or time to trade commodity futures hires someone to do so for him. Until recently, that's been the exclusive province of wealthy "accredited" investors who buy hedge funds that can go short, go international, lever up, and weight however they see fit. In the mid '90s, Austrian investor Christian Baha came up with the notion of a leveraged managed-futures fund that would comprise approximately half financial futures (bets on stock indices, currencies, bonds, and interest rates) and half commodities (metals, energy, grains, and agricultural markets like coffee, cattle, and hogs).

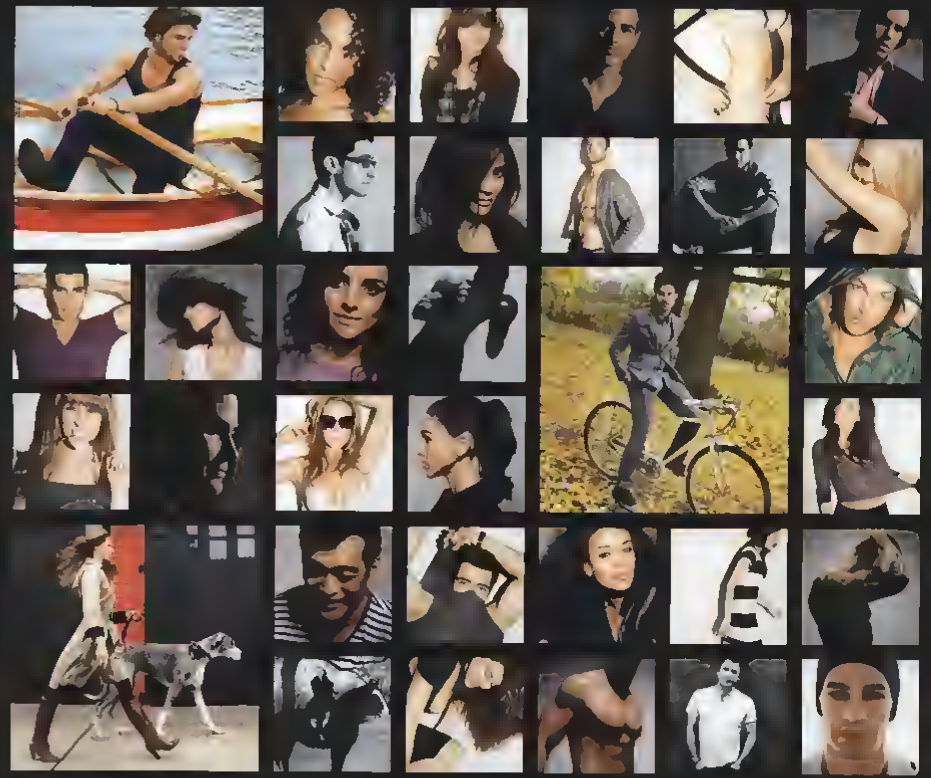
When Baha opened to retail investors, he named his vehicle—unfortunately—**Superfund,** but the science was grounded in the core idea of modern portfolio theory: that diversity creates less risk without sacrificing return.

The results have been amazing. A hypothetical index of managed futures has outperformed the S&P 500 since 1980 by thousands of percent. Performance is just one part of the equation. To me, the more attractive part for the average guy who's got individual stocks in his broker account and equity funds in his IRA is the portfolio diversification and low correlation of managed futures to other asset classes. The appeal of getting in on that action for a tiny commitment—you can open an account at one of Superfund's futuristic retail centers for as little as $5,000—is undeniable.

But wait, there's more.

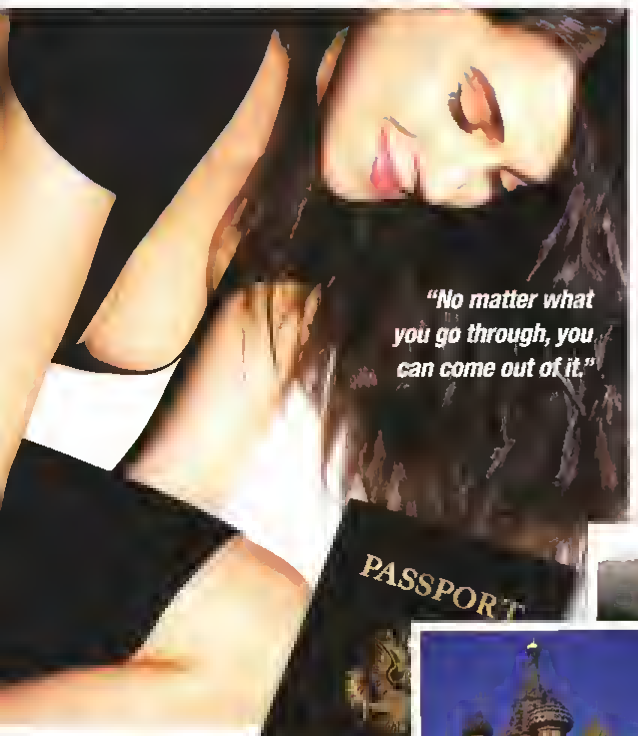
Superfund just started a new tranche of its signature fund called **Superfund Gold.** It invests in an array of commodities futures in exactly the same way, but your initial investment is denominated not in dollars *but in gold.* Suppose you buy $10,000 worth of Superfund Gold. If gold were trading at $1,000 an ounce, your $10,000 would be worth ten ounces of gold. Suppose the value of the fund doubles over the next five years and you decide to redeem all your shares. Rather than getting $20,000, you would instead receive as many dollars as it would take to buy 20 ounces of gold. Thus, if the price of gold doubles—akin to saying the value of a dollar is halved—you'd receive $40,000, since that's what it'd take to buy 20 ounces at $2,000 an ounce.

If you believe, as I do, that $20,000 will barely buy in five years what $10,000 buys today, then the ability to invest without fear of being paid back in devalued dollars is a major bonus. Because at some point, even investing prowess and foresight that causes piles of American currency to be delivered to one's doorstep won't mean much if the country has sunk to where a wheelbarrow of money buys a loaf of bread.



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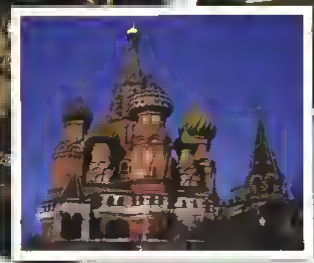
MY BODY. MY BIOGRAPHY.



Anne Hudson Price broke her neck in a car accident last year. Actually, that's an understatement. She broke her neck in five places and was told that ninety-five percent of the people in her situation would be either paralyzed for life or dead. Yet a week after surgery to fuse the broken vertebrae in her neck, Anne was back at Equinox.

"They said I wouldn't have been able to do that if I wasn't in shape before," Anne says of her rapid recovery. Before the accident, her future was limitless. She was about to start law school. She had thrown herself into yoga classes at Equinox and was feeling fit. She had a new boyfriend. And then, suddenly, she thought, 'I am going to be in a wheelchair the rest of my life.'

Speaking to Anne, it isn't hard to realize she's the type to fight through an ordeal like this. She underwent surgery to replace discs in her spinal cord with bone from a bone bank. The operation—which involved stretching her neck—was severe. It would have been easy to give in to despair, but Anne refused. Rather than being angry at her injury, she says the support she received from her family, her boyfriend, her friends, and her body helped her to embark on a remarkable rehabilitation quest at Equinox. "If my muscles hadn't been able to heal as quickly, I could have had significantly worse damage. It's amazing how much exercise makes you feel like you have your body back. I didn't feel betrayed by my body at all because it stayed there for me."



Simply recovering would be a remarkable enough story. But Anne isn't stopping there. She plans to run a marathon, something she never thought she would do before her accident. Anne says the idea of running a marathon after recovering from a broken neck gives her the sense of limitlessness she had before the accident. "I will really think that I can go forward in life and do anything."

ANNE HUDSON PRICE

HOMETOWN: Manhattan
OCCUPATION: Harvard Law School (next year)
FAVORITE FOOD: Brie and crackers
FAVORITE PLACE I'VE BEEN: Ireland
DREAM TRIP: Russia
WORKOUT: Yoga and body conditioning at Equinox
FITNESS GOAL: Run a marathon
CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT: The people I love

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RACING CARS, HAIR PLUGS, SWEAT, TEARS & ZEBRAS

As a college athlete, I know the process of how most pro athletes reach the elite level, but one sport eludes me: motor-sport racing. How do I become the next Michael Schumacher?

"You usually have a youngster who starts out in go-karts," says Mario Andretti, scion of a three-generation car-racing dynasty and the only driver ever to capture the Indy 500, the Daytona 500, and the Formula 1 World Championship. "You do a period of go-karting until you're at the age of qualifying for a ride in a school-kart, then you qualify for driving school. And several of the driving schools have a competition series for their own students."

According to Jim Altemus of the Skip Barber Racing School: "By the time they get to 13, 14 years old, the really good drivers are looking to move to cars. What they do with us is go from karting into our three-day racing school to learn the basics of driving the car. And they work their way up into our regional race series and ultimately into our professional race series. You stream together a bunch of race weekends and then it becomes a season that you run."

Depending on your skills and how much funding you can provide or attract from sponsors, the sky's the limit—but not for you.

"If they're not driving race cars by the time they're 14, 15 years old, Formula 1 is already too late," says Altemus. "Formula 1 there are only 26 spots in the whole world. My recommendation for someone who's in college right now is get your degree and then go racing. There are many other outlets in terms of racing cars."

You might consider joining AF on the Garden State Parkway–New Jersey Turnpike circuit, but only if you're willing to bring your own E-ZPass and handgun.

I'm a 58-year-old, rudely unemployed 30-year arts journalist with an M.A. in English trying to get a job in higher ed. Cold-blooded ageism is screwing me. I'm in my intellectual prime, but my eroding shoreline makes me feel like Normandy on D-Day. Is a five- or six-grand pop for a hair transplant worth it?

Start by stowing the World War II similes in your old kit bag, Gramps. And that poor mind-set probably isn't working in your favor, either.

"You can have a lot of hair and still not present yourself well," says Hassan Deeb, senior recruiter for Headhunters Directory. "You can have no hair whatsoever and present yourself excellently. I think it boils down more to a confidence issue in this particular case. You can tell if somebody comes in and there's a sense of confidence, a sense of positivity. If somebody has lost their hair and—who knows?—maybe something else has happened in their life and their confidence is not present, it is read by the interviewer, and that's going to have a detrimental effect.

"Confidence and positive attitude are critical, and if baldness is causing a lack of confidence, that's an issue he needs to address. But would I advise him to get a hair transplant? No. I would advise him to be comfortable with himself."

Best of luck with that, Methuselah.

What's the difference between sweat and tears?

It depends on how much cayenne, Mrs. Fella uses in the burritos. But seriously, according to Brian R. MacPherson, anatomy professor at the University of Kentucky, "The actual difference deals with the function of these fluids: sweat being an elimination of body materials—minerals and ions—in an effort to coat the skin with a fluid that makes you cool when the wind blows over, whereas tears are primarily there to keep your cornea from drying out. While both contain a certain amount of salt, there's mucus in tears. And that mucus is there to keep the cornea lubricated."

Also, MacPherson adds, "The actual glands that secrete them are totally different. Your body is covered with microscopic sweat glands, whereas with tears, the lacrimal glands are the size of an almond up in the superior lateral corner of your eye."

Coming next month: the difference between plasma and smegma.

Why have zebras never been domesticated? Aren't they basically horses?

"They're all equids," affirms Christina Simmons, spokeswoman for the San Diego Zoo. "They're all in the horse family, but they're not superclose. I guess you could say loosely they're cousins."

Duane Gilbert, who breeds, raises, and trains zebras on his Utah ranch, tells AF: "For generations—thousands of years—zebras have run wild, and their only way of survival was to run or to bite and kick. Those that didn't run were the ones that were eaten. So they weeded out the calm and gentle ones. If you're talking about individual zebras where somebody wants to gentle one down and domesticate it, yes. If you're talking about a large volume of zebras, no."

Simmons adds that the domestication process of a species "takes hundreds or thousands of generations. It's selective breeding for the qualities humans want—being calm around people, being docile, that kind of thing. Zebras simply haven't been [domesticated], whereas wild horses at one point were. But what happens is, you actually change the species. If we were to domesticate a zebra, it would no longer be a zebra."

Which you might say loosely is pretty much what never happened to Tiger Woods.

***ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA** believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does or who has a guess that sounds right.*

Contact AF anytime at answerfella@esquire.com.



At this year's holiday party, one of my coworkers got drunk and talked about having sex with his wife's armpit. Is this something people do, or is he a deviant?

He's a deviant all right, and we've been tailing him for months. Thanks to your tip, your coworker's now serving five to ten for violating the Decent Party Chat code, and his wife is awaiting execution. With counseling and electroconvulsive therapy, I believe you will be able to enjoy holiday parties again in a few short years. Good work, everyone.

"Is this something people do?" you ask, with your trademark naïveté. Some people, yes, but the classic practitioners of armpit (axillary) intercourse (or pitporking, to borrow a coinage from the Lake Poets) have been weirdos and the mentally impaired. (Guys, remind me to double-check this.) No longer, says Eric Marlowe Garrison, sex counselor and author of a book whose title exceeds my new ten-word limit for inclusion in this space: "We used to think it was just for [weirdos and the mentally impaired] until people started talking about it," he says. "Since the Fourth of July, I've spoke to at least a dozen or more couples engaging in axillary intercourse." Nationalism aside, the armpit offers many benefits to the sexually jaded: It's fresh, consequence-free, adjustable, and can even serve as a teaching tool. "Some people like to use it as a place to practice oral sex. I know a bunch of teenagers who do that." Do you now? Well, I know a bunch of code violations right there. All right, counselor, we're taking you downtown.

I've heard of the G-spot and the A-spot, but what's the U-spot?

Scientists have always suspected that these letters indicate that the vagina and its environs are trying to spell out some kind of message, but what? Well, we can now conclude, thanks entirely to me, that the vagina either wants to visit Uganda or the Bavarian city of Augsburg, desires an auger for a woodworking project, is a staunch Gaullist, or simply wishes to wear gauchos. But until the university comes up with another 300 grand, we'll just have to wonder.

The U spot is simply the flashy invention of a biology-book author whose particulars I omit not for length, but because I don't know them. However, I did speak to two highly decorated representatives of the reproductive sciences, and they said the same thing in slightly different ways. The area around the urethra (the U spot) is rife with nerve endings—too many, in fact—and while direct stimulation here can be bracing for some, it's down right unpleasant for most. Really, the U-spot is just another example of a body part that gets a little publicity and grows an enormous head. Need I remind you of a certain patella that stopped answering to "knee" and insisted we call it the "K-spot"? Let's not have a repeat of that.

Tiger getting busted has me worried. Do you have any tips for not getting caught?

Yes. Practice, practice, practice. Up before dawn, in the field, lying, deceiving, beguiling. Day in, day out, until your tongue calluses bleed and you get it right. Then buy a guidebook.

JoAnn Perrino's book, whose 12-word title I've shortened to the much zippier *Designing Infidelity: A Reference Guide*, has a lot of great tips. Schedule trysts during working hours, always answer your phone if it's your spouse, pay in cash, and don't raise suspicion by suddenly getting in shape or becoming more attractive in any way; just stay the same slob you've always been. The rest can be summarized with the "two of everything" rule: two mobile phones (a prepaid one is best), two computers, two credit cards, two addresses (a P.O. box for your affair bills), and, if you can swing it, two dicks.

What can I do to improve the chances of having simultaneous orgasms with my wife?

This one's really easy, and I have to go check my P.O. box, so here's what I want you to do: Imagine you're a bomber pilot flying over the country of Sex (a mostly rural place somewhere along the 39th parallel north). The battle is heated, and you really, really want to detonate, but the coordinates aren't right, so you must wait for the signal from your commander, a female who might look something like your wife. The command will be in code and will include the word *come*, as in "I'm gonna come" or "I'm coming." This is your cue to drop Little Boy. Or Fat Man. Could be Fat Man. I shouldn't assume.

Got a sex question of your own? E-mail it to us at sex@esquire.com.

This Month in Intercourse ▶ **After examining 1,804** female twins, scientists at King's College London concluded that there is no proof of the G spot's existence. • A University of Minnesota analysis of 737 women and 574 men found no differences in the mental well being of those who engaged in casual sex and those in committed sexual relationships. • In a study of 12 European countries, Pfizer, the maker of Viagra, found that German men are happiest with their erections, and Spanish men are the least happy. • Scientists at the University of Texas Health Science Center at Houston and M. D. Anderson Cancer Center created a miniature vacuum erection device (VED) that worked on rats



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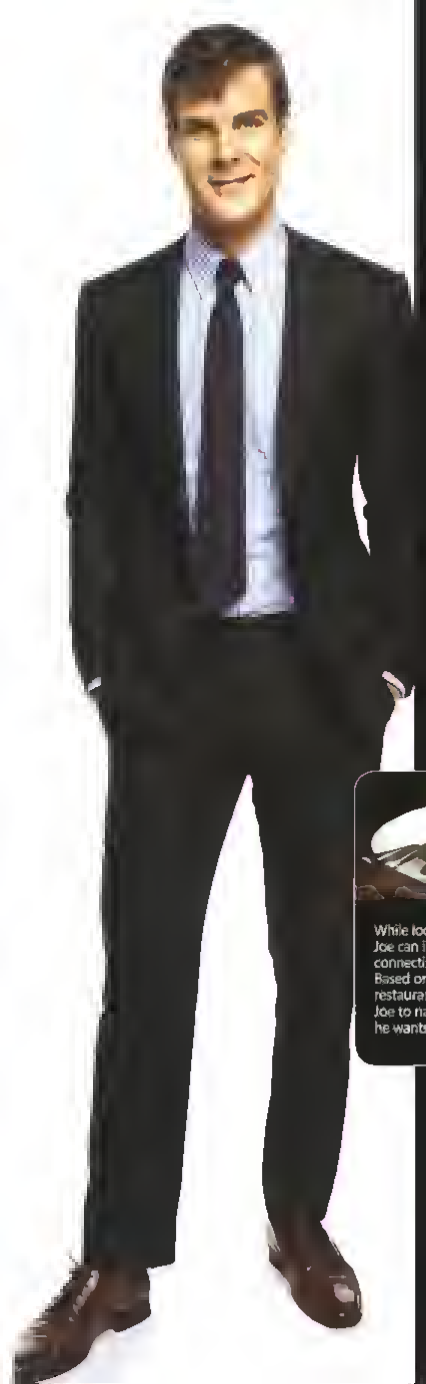
Remember, back in the days of fast cash and cheap credit, when a lot of clothing companies could afford to take your business for granted because, hey, if you didn't buy what they were selling, someone else would? No more. Today brands that want your money have to earn it, and the good people of Hermès go that extra mile more than anyone else. They've just opened their first-ever dedicated men's store—a one-stop shop in New York City—and they're ramping up their customization operations to serve more selective customers. They also continue to create blockbusters like this leather jacket, made from buttery-soft calfskin and lined with patterned silk. Do you pay for this kind of quality and service? You do. The extra mile ain't cheap. But as you'll see over the following pages, it's usually what separates the brands that deserve your money from those that don't.

PROMOTION

bing™ & decide

JOE GETS A NEW LOOK • With more ambition than time, Joe finally admits to himself that he needs a new look to up the professional ante. Calling up Bing, his **decision engine**, Joe dives headfirst into its Image Search feature.

A new wardrobe takes legwork. The right shoes, the right suits, shirts—they all need to be coordinated. Luckily with Bing's Image Search, Joe is able to evaluate hundreds of possible choices right there on his screen, interactively. And being the resourceful guy that he is, he finds the best wingtips across town, but the right barrel-cuffed, spread-collar shirts will have to be ordered online. A couple more taps and he's done.



Using Bing's Local feature, Joe is able to find what he needs **quickly and clearly.** Saying goodbye to his solid ties and bootcut jeans, he finds a charity nearby that can pick everything up. He gets a tidy tax deduction in the bargain—a practical consolation—but he's sure to see his college rugby shirt on a downtown hipster next week, worn ironically.





While looking good may be its own reward, Joe can increase his professional visibility by connecting with the right professional circles. Based on his **searches,** local clubs and restaurants show up on his list, allowing Joe to narrow them down to the places he wants to be seen.



Joe decides on a dinner reservation with a high recognition quotient. A quick call to his girlfriend sets up the evening. Some **informed decisions,** a perfect Manhattan or two at the bar, and a few business cards later, Joe's career upgrade is on track.

The best styles, experiences, and people delivered in milliseconds, **cross-referenced, customized, and presented with clarity and intelligence.** That's what going beyond search looks like.

bing

PROFILE

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE EXTRA MILE

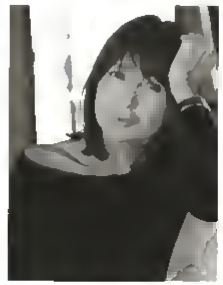
HOW VÉRONIQUE NICHANIAN MAKES IT HAPPEN AT HERMÈS

It's not every day that a fashion designer gets a shout-out from the likes of Eric Clapton, and yet Véronique Nichanian, artistic director of men's wear at Hermès, got just that when the guitar god wrote an homage to her in the French newspaper *Libération* back in June. Clapton had been a fan of Hermès, and Nichanian, for years, and like a lot of the men who've bought into the brand's quiet aura of luxury over the past 173 years, Clapton is a satisfied customer.

Since she took over men's-wear design at the legendary brand in 1988, it's been hard to nail the look of Nichanian's Hermès. It's easy on the eye, but to call it easy would belie the sheer amount of thought that goes into each item. Classic but not boring, contemporary but not trendy, fashionable but not fashion-y. "I don't do fashion. I make clothes," she says matter-of-factly, a statement she makes often. "And the best thing about men's clothes are the details. Pocket linings in lambskin, for example. No one sees them, and no one else feels them. But when you put the jacket on, you put your hands in the pockets and you feel lambskin, and you feel good. *J'adore ça!*" Us, too.

Beginning this month, visitors to New York can get a closer look at those details at the company's first-ever men's store. "It's a bold step for us to open a men's store," explains Nichanian. "And to open in New York, which is such a dynamic market, makes an even bolder statement." The new store is no behemoth—"It feels more like a four-story dressing room," Nichanian says—but it is four floors of clothing, leather goods, tailoring, and Hermès's famous ties, capped off with a made-to-measure and bespoke room on the top floor. The customization program will include everything from shirts and ties to knits, leather, suits, and shoes, all created for individual customers and priced north of the ready-to-wear clothes on the floors below.

About those prices: Nichanian knows they sometimes cause sticker shock. But, she says, "I never call the clothes expensive. I always say they are costly." The difference being? "Costly means they have a value that matches their price. When I make something, it has to be the best it can possibly be, and when you buy something with that mentality, you expect it to last." Clapton put it that way in his article—he knows it's expensive, but he expects to live with it a long time."



So maybe that's the definition of the extra mile: making something—a piece of clothing, a shopping experience, a store—the best it can possibly be. And even if you have to pay a little more for it, don't you deserve that? Nichanian thinks you do. And so do we.

—NICK SULLIVAN

For more on Véronique Nichanian, visit hermes.com or the new men's store at 690 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE BEST THEY CAN BE: NEW FROM HERMÈS



The tailoring
Seersucker jacket ($2,900), linen shirt ($820), and cotton-and-linen trousers ($690)



The leather goods
Calfskin briefcase ($8,700)



The shoes
Calfskin loafers ($900)



The sports equipment
Limited-edition calfskin baseball glove ($8,500)





J. PRESS

PANTS THAT FIT JUST RIGHT

Let's say you're lucky enough to own a bespoke or made-to-measure suit. Let's also say you want pants that fit perfectly for your downtime. Do you really want to wear MTM suit pants on the weekend? You do not. J. Press understands this, and its MTM casual trousers are tailored so that everything hits, falls and hugs exactly as it should. *Wool trousers (from $550) by J. Press.*

GIORGIO ARMANI

MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS

After taking all your measurements, Armani's craftsmen will work for weeks to tailor the brand's signature aesthetic (it's Armani-ness to your body's terms). And once they have a pattern for your body, you can order new MTM suits over the phone without actually going into a store. It'll fit just so, and you won't even have to leave your couch. *Two-button wool suit ($3,800) by Giorgio Armani*

THE EXTRA MILE

LORO PIANA

MADE-TO-ORDER SWEATERS

Cashmere, baby cashmere, vicuña. One-ply, two-ply, three-ply. V-neck, crewneck. Stop by a Loro Piana store and commission pretty much any sweater you want, in pretty much any color you want. *Cashmere sweater (from $1,495) by Loro Piana*



CARTIER

MONOGRAMMED CUFF LINKS

But not just any monogrammed cuff links. Cartier will take a man's initials and set them in the brand's famous font. *Sterling-silver Double C Decor cuff links ($420) by Cartier*



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IN AN ABSOLUT WORLD



KITON

CUSTOM SHIRTS

Your right arm is longer than your left. Or you're kind of a hunchback. Or your chest sags a little. However weird your body may be—and everyone's body is weird—Kiton created its MTM shirt program with you in mind. And if you end up purchasing something from the New York shop, the staff has been known to help you score seats at the best restaurants and shows in town. *Cotton shirt ($775) by Kiton.*

THE EXTRA MILE
THE GUIDE GUIDE TO BRANDS THAT LOVE YOU BACK



BRIONI

THE PERFECT BELT

We've all been there: You find a belt you like, but the color's weird. Or the buckle says 100% BADASS. That's why Brioni came up with a MTM belt service that lets customers choose from three different widths, 12 different buckles, and any of the fabrics and skins carried by the brand. Which is a lot. *Canvas-and crocodile belt (from $310) by Brioni.*



LOUIS VUITTON

PERSONALIZED LEATHER GOODS

This leather-goods titan has been doing special orders forever, and today it gives customers more customization options than ever. You can go nuts with colorful stripes and insignia painted on the side of your luggage, or you can be a little more discreet, stamping your initials on the inside cover of your agenda. It all depends on just how special you want to feel. *Calfskin agenda ($555) by Louis Vuitton*

THE DIGITAL EXTRA-MILERS

Four brands using technology to earn your business



Rugby: Ralph Lauren's sportswear line launched an iPhone app that lets you customize and buy products in different colors and options. You can also upload a photo of yourself (as seen above) to see how you'll look in your new creation. *rugby.com*

Diesel: The dressing area of its New York City flagship comes with 360-degree digitally enhanced mirrors that show how your jeans fit from behind. If you're not sure you care, here's a small tip: You should. *diesel.com*

John Lobb: If you can't make it to a John Lobb store, the store will come to you. Kind of. The shoemaker recently launched its At Your Service program, which lets you virtually visit a Lobb store via Skype and consult with a salesman to check out the goods. *212-888-9797*

Tommy Hilfiger: With the brand's new iPhone app, you can scroll through the full Hilfiger line and throw prospective orders in your shopping cart before making your purchase. *tommy.com*

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Sartoria
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BARBOUR RESTORATION SERVICES

The whole point of owning one of this brand's waxed-cotton jackets is to beat it up until it develops some character. If however you beat it up too much, the company's restoration service uses old jacket parts to repair the damage without erasing all that hard-won character. *Waxed-cotton jacket ($379) by Barbour*





PAUL SMITH BESPOKE SPORT COATS

There's made-to-measure—i.e., tailors alter preexisting templates to your specifications—and then there's full bespoke, whereby tailors build your clothes from the stitch up. Paul Smith excels at the latter, and it gives customers at the London store access to the eye-catching, unmistakably Paul Smith fabrics developed exclusively for the brand's in-store collections. *Wool jacket (from $2,500) by Paul Smith.*

THE ESQUIRE GUIDE TO BRANDS THAT LOVE YOU BACK
THE EXTRA MILE

BERLUTI

POLISHED FOR LIFE

Ask anyone who owns a pair of Berlutis and they'll tell you about the in-house polisher, the person stationed in every Berluti store who hand rubs each shoe until it takes on a unique patina. And because that patina can't really be duplicated by mere mortals, you can return to any Berluti store at any time and the in-house polisher will touch up your shoes, for however long you own them. *Venezia-leather shoes ($5,700) by Berluti*





ASK NICK SULLIVAN

The Esquire fashion director goes the extra mile to answer your questions

Why is it that tucked-in shirts usually balloon out around the sides and back? James Bond's shirts didn't look like that when he tucked them in.

—Ryan Yang
Salt Lake City, Utah

They didn't, did they? Chalk it up to yet another way that most of us aren't James Bond. To your question: The tuck factor is governed by the fit of the shirt around the torso. Historically, American shirts are roomier than their European counterparts, which means a lot of extra cloth that balloons and bags out as you move around. The solution is a slim-fit shirt *[FIG 1]*, increasingly common in the U.S. and the best way for your shirt to look flatter (and more Bond-like) around your torso.

I'm on my feet all day and tend toward comfortable shoes that aren't necessarily great-looking. Can you suggest some supportive shoes that are also reasonably attractive?

—Dr. Steven McMahon
New York, N.Y.

Shoes—like wives—should be both supportive and attractive at all times. Rockport makes very comfortable shoes *[FIG 2, $100]*, with the smarter end of its range looking dressy without sacrificing on comfort at all. The Almartin dress oxford would also do the trick. Since the sole is polyurethane, it's softer on the feet than leather, and the shoe's good-looking uppers conceal the air-cushion technology in the foot bed.

I work at home, so I wear my pajamas all day long and when I leave the house, I find wearing pants confining. Could you recommend some pants that approximate the relaxed freedom of pajamas?

—Gabriel Lichstein
Los Angeles, Calif.

No, Gabriel. No, I cannot. Put on some grown-up clothes and you just might find that being properly dressed focuses the mind. Or try a kilt.

How do I go about selecting and tailoring a sport coat?

—Mark Eroman
Rockville, Md.

Start by thinking about how much use you expect to get out of it. Do you want to wear it every day or just for special occasions? For the former, look for gray woolly herringbone or a discreet tweedy plaid, both of which look great with everyday wear like jeans, khakis, and flannels; for the latter, try Etro—it's renowned for its one-off sport coats. Once you've got something in your sights, give it a good look. A sport coat should always have more texture to it than a suit jacket, both in the handle and the appearance, so you shouldn't just look with your eyes but with your hands, too. If at this point you've found something you can't live without, ask your salesman if his establishment offers alteration services—many do—or you can simply take it to your own tailor. Sport jackets should have a roomier fit than suit jackets, all to accommodate the knits and other layers underneath but then a good tailor will know that.



FIG 1
Slim-fit cotton shirt ($185) and silk tie ($105) by Thomas Pink



FIG 2



FIG 3

I recently bought a leather messenger bag that is stiff. Is there a proper way to care for the bag and increase its suppleness?

—David Newsome
Costa Mesa, Calif.

There are a number of possible solutions, most of them involving something called palmitoleic acid, a naturally occurring fatty acid that acts as a moisturizer for leather. It's found in mink oil (a by-product of the fur trade) *[FIG 3]*, but if you're antifur, it's also present in sea-buckthorn oil and macadamia nut oil (allstarhealth.com). Natural neat's-foot oil *[FIG 3]* meanwhile is a fatty yellow liquid that's also a favorite of leather restorers. Whatever you use, apply it sparingly to the leather and massage it in using a clean cloth.

Got a question for Nick Sullivan? E-mail him at esq-style@hearst.com

A THOUSAND WORDS ABOUT OUR CULTURE

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE WAR?

BY STEPHEN MARCHE

A friend of mine, a foreign correspondent who used to work for CNN, recently described to me a poster he saw in the back of a cab on the Afghanistan-Pakistan border: bin Laden riding a unicorn with a Kalashnikov in each hand while the Twin Towers explode behind him. Clearly the terrorists are winning the cultural dimension of the war; they know what kind of war movie they want to see, and we do not. At the same time that thirty thousand of the country's best young men and women will be deployed to the most desperate corner of the earth, we are surrounded by conflicting depictions of battle. Depending on what screen you're watching, war is either a virtuous struggle of good over evil[•], a moral (and literal) minefield[•], or a thrilling nightmare[•]—and that's not even counting the daily screaming matches on Fox News and MSNBC. After eight long years of bloodshed, and who knows how many more to come, we're still not sure why we fight, and our understanding of war is only growing more blood-dimmed and confused.



The Pacific

"The Pacific" comes to HBO from the same Spielberg-Hanks juggernaut that brought us that other ten-part miniseries about World War II[•] back before 9/11. To compare the two epics is to understand just how much has changed over the past decade. At the turn of the century, when Steven Spielberg revolutionized war cinema with his graphic depictions of the visceral and psychological carnage of battle[•], the audience had the stomach for realism. We were, after all, pretty much at peace at the time. But after years of random death and hollow victory, "The Pacific"'s creators take a softer approach to the devastation of war. In the three episodes that I've seen, the music never stops swelling. The clichés never stop hitting you in the face. You know the first time you see a southerner that he's going to be called "Johnny Reb" by a northerner, and so he is. Anyone whose name ends with a vowel comes from a happy family in which all the women cook nothing but big elaborate meals. These are not soldiers; they are flower arrangements on the theme of soldiers. Similarly, "The Pacific" isn't a war movie; it's a propaganda film about a war that's been over for sixty years. And God, we want to fight that war again, ▸



Green Zone



The Hurt Locker



Band of Brothers



Saving Private Ryan

Sprint brings you the best lineup of phones plus the 3G network PC World named most reliable. Take your pick from a pint-size multitasker, an apps-ready Android™-powered device and the new BlackBerry® Curve,™ a smarter smartphone. They're all here. Welcome to the Now Network.™ Bringing you the first and only wireless 4G network from a national carrier. 1-800-SPRINT-1 sprint.com/bestphones

Sprint
The Now Network™

Palm® Pixi™
The mini multitasker that keeps on updating, syncing, surfing and sending

Samsung Moment™ with Google™
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Clockwise from top: *Apocalypse Now* 1979; *The Deer Hunter* 1978; *Coming Home* 1978

don't we? The enemy wore easily identifiable uniforms, with skulls on them and stuff. The conflict had a clear beginning, middle, and end, throughout which the U.S. was the ultimate hero. And after the war was all over, America taught the world the true meaning of victory, rebuilding its enemies with magnanimity, generosity, and wisdom. Who wouldn't rather watch that war than the nightly news?

And yet movie studios still insist on churning out films about our current dealings in Afghanistan and Iraq, despite the fact that no one is quite sure how these stories are going to end. (Even Vietnam, right in the middle of Hollywood's great counter-cultural awakening, didn't inspire great films[•] until well after the fall of Saigon.) Now joining the list of television shows and movies about the war on terror that nobody bothered to see is "Green Zone," which goes like this: A warrant officer, stranded in the moral and material chaos of post-invasion Iraq, works against his own government, single-handedly laboring to discover the elusive weapons of mass destruction that would provide belated justification for the quagmire. It's crazy: We've come to expect soldiers to be morally superior to the mission they have been entrusted to execute. In pop culture right now, soldiers exist in an impossible space: part warrior, part saint, part victim.

The basic fact may be that Afghanistan and Iraq make for lousy movies. Unlike World War II, its happy endings and unimpeachable motives so well suited for celluloid, our ongoing struggles are happening in real time, with jarring visuals and Twitter-feed updates. In other words, they're more like video games. The greatest artwork made so far about the war on terror is a first-person-shooter game[•] that broke sales records when it came out in November. I should add that while I admire this game enormously—it might be the first protest game—I don't enjoy playing it much. Controller in hand and eyes on the screen, I keep asking myself: Why am I here? Whom am I killing? Modeled closely on the experience of soldiers in Afghanistan, the game flashes quotations on the screen after you're killed that are even more disturbing. It quotes Confucius—"Before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig two graves"—and Francis Bacon: "In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior." The more you die, the less your dying makes sense, and it's no coincidence that the only satisfying war movie of late is "The Hurt Locker," which is about as close to a video game as you can get without actually having a controller in your hand. Just like Call of Duty, the movie opens with a quote ("...war is a drug" —Chris Hedges) and relies on a first-person point of view when navigating the war-torn terrain. If "The Hurt Locker" deserves to win Best Picture—as some believe it does—the victory will be a coup for gamers everywhere.

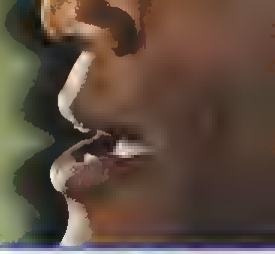


Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2



Robert Gates

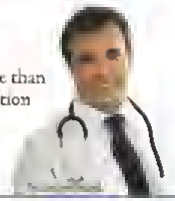
You can expect to see plenty more where "The Hurt Locker" came from. Movies (and video games) demand heroes, and the U.S. military has plenty of them: a million and a half men and women who have arrived in the middle of a shitstorm with an incomprehensible backstory and an uncertain ending. The secretary of defense[•] says 2011 will be the beginning of disengagement in Afghanistan, not the end, and until the last man leaves Iraq and Afghanistan, this story can go pretty much anywhere. ■



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IMPORTANT FACTS

VIAGRA (sildenafil citrate) tablets (vi-AG-rah)

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Never take VIAGRA if you take any medicines with nitrates. This includes nitroglycerin. Your blood pressure could drop quickly. It could fall to an unsafe or life-threatening level.

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Erectile dysfunction means a man cannot get or keep an erection. Health problems, injury, or side effects of drugs may cause ED. The cause may not be known.

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VIAGRA is used to treat ED in men. When you want to have sex, VIAGRA can help you get and keep an erection when you are sexually excited. You cannot get an erection just by taking the pill. Only your doctor can prescribe VIAGRA.

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VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

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Who should take VIAGRA?

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  - Medicines that treat chest pain (angina), such as nitroglycerin or isosorbide mononitrate or dinitrate
- If you use some street drugs, such as "poppers" (amyl nitrate or nitrite)
- If you are allergic to anything in the VIAGRA tablet

BEFORE YOU START VIAGRA
Tell your doctor if you have or ever had:

- Heart attack, abnormal heartbeats, or stroke
- Heart problems, such as heart failure, chest pain, or aortic valve narrowing
- Low or high blood pressure
- Severe vision loss
- An eye condition called retinitis pigmentosa
- Kidney or liver problems
- Blood problems, such as sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- A deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- Stomach ulcers or any kind of bleeding problems

Tell your doctor about all your medicines. Include over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal products. Tell your doctor if you take or use

- Medicines called alpha blockers to treat high blood pressure or prostate problems. Your blood pressure could suddenly get too low. You could get dizzy or faint. Your doctor may start you on a lower dose of VIAGRA.
- Medicines called protease inhibitors for HIV. Your doctor may prescribe a 25 mg dose. Your doctor may limit VIAGRA to 25 mg in a 48-hour period.
- Other methods to cause erections. These include pills, injections, implants, or pumps.

POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF VIAGRA
Side effects are mostly mild to moderate. They usually go away after a few hours. Some of these are more likely to happen with higher doses.

The most common side effects are:

- Headache
- Feeling flushed
- Upset stomach

Less common side effects are:

- Trouble telling blue and green apart or seeing a blue tinge on things
- Eyes being more sensitive to light
- Blurred vision

Rarely, a small number of men taking VIAGRA have reported these serious events:

- Having an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If the erection is not treated right away, long-term loss of potency could occur.
- Sudden decrease or loss of sight in one or both eyes. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medicines like it or caused by other factors. They may be caused by conditions like high blood pressure or diabetes. If you have sudden vision changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medicines like it. Call your doctor right away.
- Sudden decrease or loss of hearing. We do not know if these events are caused by VIAGRA and medicines like it or caused by other factors. If you have sudden hearing changes, stop using VIAGRA and all medicines like it. Call your doctor right away.
- Heart attack, stroke, irregular heartbeats, and death. We do not know whether these events are caused by VIAGRA or caused by other factors. Most of these happened in men who already had heart problems.

If you have any of these problems, stop VIAGRA. Call your doctor right away.

HOW TO TAKE VIAGRA
Do:

- Take VIAGRA only the way your doctor tells you. VIAGRA comes in 25 mg, 50 mg, and 100 mg tablets. Your doctor will tell you how much to take.
- If you are over 65 or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg).
- Take VIAGRA about 1 hour before you want to have sex. VIAGRA starts to work in about 30 minutes when you are sexually excited. VIAGRA lasts up to 4 hours.

Don't:

- Do not take VIAGRA more than once a day.
- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor tells you. If you think you need more VIAGRA, talk with your doctor.
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ESQ&A: THE DARK HORSE

Soon someone other than Sarah Palin and Dick Cheney will step forward to speak for the Republican party. And it just might be the engaging governor of Minnesota, Tim Pawlenty, whom most people expect to run for president in 2012. So we asked him: Who are you? And what do you believe?

[By MARK WARREN]



BEHOLD, A ROOMFUL OF Minnesota Republicans, with a few out-of-town financiers sprinkled in for diversity. All here because tonight Tim Pawlenty is launching his political-action committee, the Freedom First PAC, and with this PAC, the governor of Minnesota hopes to become known and beloved by Americans from coast to coast as he campaigns for Republicans in this year's midterms. And then he hopes to become president. Expectations are high for the governor. He's led a liberal state with success, is unspoiled by scandal or prior defeat, and has a sunny disposition.

In sharp contrast, this is an *angry* room. Jon Voight, one of the evening's speakers, is comparing the Democrats with the Nazis. "At this hour," he says gravely, "it's very similar to the hour during the forties when we were facing the evil of Nazism . . ." John Ratzenberger—Cliff from *Cheers*—is here, too, a genuinely funny guy but also surprisingly angry. And then Ratzenberger says, "I think we have a surprise guest calling in," and there's the pleasant voice of Kelsey Grammer, not angry so much as somber. So Pawlenty's three for three with the Hollywood conservatives. And the message from the luminaries and the chatter at the tables is the same. The time is now, the hour is nigh. But then the governor ascends the stage for his speech and the clouds part. He can't help it. Even when he tells you the country's in danger, he is smiling. Pawlenty thanks everybody for showing up and quotes Will Ferrell from *Talladega Nights: The Ballad of Ricky Bobby*, to especially thank "my red-hot smokin' wife."

Before and after the event, we sat down with Pawlenty and talked about what the Republican party stands for.

Esquire: Governor, we're trying to figure out who or what a Republican is now, aside from merely opposing the president. In the coming year, someone other than Sarah Palin is going to vie to speak for your party, and it might well be you. But first, a year after President Obama was elected, the Republicans won gubernatorial races in Virginia and New Jersey. What does that say to you about the national temperament?

Tim Pawlenty: Well, these are barometers for how the nation is feeling. You've got a swing state in Virginia and what would normally be an uphill climb for a Republi-

can in New Jersey, and we won them both And I think what you have is a country that is reacting to a sense that spending has gone too far, government's growing too big, and they don't like it And so a lot of folks who are independents or maybe conservative Democrats or maybe even some soft Republicans who supported Obama are saying he's pushing the country further in a direction they're not comfortable with, and they're not taking it anymore.

ESQ: Was spending going too far and government growing too big before Obama became president?

TP: It certainly was, but he has pushed the gas pedal to the metal and exploded it in ways that were previously unheard-of I mean, he's taken the national deficit in one year and tripled it So we now have a $1 4 trillion deficit just in the past year That is three times as large almost as it's ever been. That is larger than the entire economy of India. That one-year debt is larger than the entire cumulative debt of the entire nation for the first two hundred years of our existence.

ESQ: You've been very critical of the bank-bailout bill, a number of times, a bill that was passed at the urging of a Republican president. Let's role-play I'm Ben Bernanke and Henry Paulson. I come to you on a Wednesday in mid-September 2008 and I say, "Mr President, we've got to pass this bill, because if we don't, we won't have an economy by Monday." What do you do?

TP: Well, they did say that at one point, and the bill failed

ESQ: Yes, it failed once but did then pass.

TP: And that Monday the economy didn't collapse.

ESQ: Should the Republicans have fixed the health-care problem when they ran things? TP: The Republicans had their shot not long ago and blew it. We got fired for a reason.

ESQ: Well that depends on your definition of collapse. The Dow went into free fall and the American economy went into the toilet, where it remained for the next year.

TP: Well, these are the same people who said that if you don't pass the stimulus bill, we're going to have 10 percent unemployment. They passed the stimulus bill and we have 10 percent unemployment.

But the answer to your question is, we'll never know

ESQ: We'll never know what you would have done?

TP: Whether the threats or doomsday scenarios that were painted were real or partially real or not real at all. We won't know the answer to that, but we do know that some very bright people said that we faced doomsday, and there were other very bright people who said that, at the very least, the danger was overstated, and this notion that they were too big to fail was untested or untrue

I've argued, at least as it related to the stimulus bill as opposed to TARP, that there were things that we could have and should have done, but it should have been much more targeted. For example, instead of spending $800 billion in a stimulus package, I think we would have gotten much more bang for the buck if we would have done two simple things: focused on tax cuts that would have put cash immediately into the average citizen's pocket, and two, put money into bread-and-butter infrastructure projects like roads and bridges that could be done quickly. Of the $800 billion stimulus package, only about $50 billion, give or take, actually went into roads and bridges. It was a paltry amount compared to the overall size of the bill

As for the other bailouts, I did not support the car-company bailout, either. They should have been allowed to go bankrupt—in fact, they [entered] bankruptcy, most of 'em. That's the way that they're going to get most effectively restructured. And I think the same could be said for many of the financial institutions. The idea that we're gonna bail out every major bank in the country with the exception of Lehman Brothers is ridiculous. Why let Lehman fail and not all the others? These markets have to correct. And the answer can't be for every problem that emerges as a result of reckless behavior, the government's gonna come in and bail everybody out. I was talkin' to people this morning who run small businesses. Where's *their* bailout?

ESQ: I have a lot more I want to get to. But I really want to know what you would have done. That critical week, mid-September 2008, with President Bush's men describing the credit crisis as an oncoming freight train for the global economy, there was a cohort of Republican congressmen, led by Jeb Hensarling of Texas, whose position was rather dogmatic. They said, "We must let this economy find its bottom." If you had been president of the United States, would that have been your position?

TP: Well, I read an account recently of the Sunday night before one version or another of Hank Paulson's TARP bill passed. In this story, Paulson, former Goldman Sachs CEO, was meeting with other Goldman Sachs executives, trying to figure out what to do, and surprise, surprise, they came up with the conclusion that the federal government should bail out Goldman Sachs. So I don't take as an article of faith that the financial world would have come to an end if we had let more of these institutions fail.

ESQ: You come from the state of Al Franken *and* Michele Bachmann *and* Jesse Ventura. Where are you on that continuum? How do you describe yourself?

[*The First Lady of Minnesota, Mary Pawlenty comes in.*]

TP: Hi, honey. Here's the Esquire correspondent.

MARY PAWLENTY: Well, what a cool job you have!

Listen, don't let me interrupt you. Do you want me to join you, or lurk over to the side and listen carefully to your answers?

TP: You're welcome to join us

I want to go back to the financial crisis for a second. I'm not saying we shouldn't do anything in those circumstances. The federal government has a role in regulating, overseeing financial institutions to protect consumers and deposits to a certain level and obviously the Federal Reserve manages the money supply, and there are things it can and should do using that authority, but that is not the same as saying that we're not gonna let any large financial institutions fail. I think some of 'em could have and should have failed. Maybe still will

But on the broader issue of Minnesota This is also the state of Eugene McCarthy, Hubert Humphrey, Walter Mondale Paul Wellstone, and now Senator Al Franken. Minnesota has evolved and ebbed and flowed a little bit in its politics, but it is fair to say that, with few exceptions, it's been one of the more liberal states in the country. It's the history, the tradition, the culture here. I'm someone who has confronted that in a way that for some is refreshing and for some is quite dramatic, in a way that is viewed as quite a departure from the normal trajectory here. Most of



the Republicans who have succeeded here have been mostly very moderate, Democrat lite. I'm somewhat an exception to that. I'm more of a mainstream conservative governing in a liberal state.

It's been a real battle for the future of the state. To give you some objective measures. From 1960, the year I was born, until the year I became governor, the average two-year increase in the state of Minnesota's budget was 21 percent. And some of the worst years were under Republican governors. So you have an expectation that spending's gonna go up by a lot every two years, and I said no to that. I came into office with a budget deficit, and in my time as governor, we've got state spending down to on average about a 4 percent growth rate. That's a big change. Government in Minnesota was growing at an unsustainable and irresponsible level, and I changed that.

And every governor in the modern history of the state has said, We at least got to get Minnesota out of the top ten in taxes. No governor ever did it, until I got elected. We're down to twelfth, I think.

ESQ. Where do your politics come from?

TP: If you go not far from here, about a half hour, there's a first-ring suburb just out of St. Paul called South St. Paul. At the time I grew up, it was the home of the largest meatpacking plants and the world's largest stockyards. And in the sixties, they shut down summarily. These were massive operations, and the town was dominated culturally and economically by that engine, and then it was just gone. Massive economic dislocation. In my community, on my block. Lots of moms and dads losing their jobs. Blue-collar town filled with hardworking people, and suddenly there was no work.

I'm the youngest of five. My mom died when I was sixteen—cancer—and my dad for much of his life was a truck driver. Later in life he got promoted to dispatcher, so that was a big thing in our family. An office job was quite prestigious by our family's standards, and we were proud of that. Nobody was actively involved in politics.

My oldest brother, Steve, worked for forty-plus years as a produce clerk in a grocery store, a member of the United Food and Commercial Workers and a union steward; my other brother, Dan, worked for a good chunk of his adult life in an oil refinery as a member of the Atomic & Chemical Workers Union; my oldest sister, Peg, worked for forty-plus years as a secretary for the same company in St. Paul, and my other sister, Rose, is a special-ed aide in a public school and a union member. I'm the first member of my family to go to college. These are wonderful, salt-of-the-earth people. I'm really proud of my family, and grateful for them, but we had some good-natured arguments over the years that framed my thinking about a lot of things.



A week before Election Day 2008, John McCain met in Cleveland with his economic team, including Governor Pawlenty (foreground), who had been on McCain's short list for vice-president.

I'd say, Do you want your taxes raised in Minnesota? *Oh, no*, they'd say. *We're taxed enough.* Well, what about schools? Do you think we should just plow more money in there, or do you think as we give 'em more money, we should demand accountability and results and better performance? *Aw, that sounds good*, they'd say. *We're with ya on that.* What about health care? You want the government takin' the thing over, or you want to run that with your doctor and your family? *We're with ya on that*, they'd say. What about guns? *Aw, we like to hunt and fish, don't mess with our guns.* And you go down the list and maybe the top ten issues of the day, they'd be with ya on, say, seven of 'em. Well, I'd say, why are you a Democrat then? And they'd say, *Well, Republicans aren't for the workin' person.* And it just floored me, because, you know, we agree on most of this stuff and have a healthy skepticism of government, and they were what you'd call back then Reagan Democrats, or lunch-bucket Democrats. I call 'em now Sam's Club Republicans.

And Republicans have an opportunity, I think, to reconnect with those voters. If you have a credible messenger. The challenge is, we're competing against the other side, who create the illusion that they're giving away free stuff. And people like free stuff.

ESQ: So you think in terms of the health care debate—

TP: Yeah, you got a problem, we got a program, is the Democrat perspective, and it's not gonna cost you anything. Gonna be free.

The Republicans didn't do a good job of articulating the alternative vision. But it exists. It's big and long and boring and dry, all the things you can do to fix the health-care system, but it—

ESQ: The public doesn't believe that the Republicans have an alternative. Because they produced no alternative. And I don't know about free stuff, but people do want medical insurance.

TP: But the public is also very skeptical about what the Democrats are up to.

ESQ: Do you think the Republicans should have fixed the health-care problem—which you acknowledge is a problem—when they had hegemony in Washington?

TP: Oh, the Republicans had their shot not long ago to address the real needs and concerns of everyday Americans, and they blew it. I think that's mitigated by the fact that we had a terrorist incident, there is a war, and there was a lot of proper focus on those issues, but over the time that they were there and had the leadership opportunity, they blew it. We got fired for a reason.

ESQ: Let's go back in time a little bit: five short years ago, after the general election of 2004. People were talking in terms of

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a permanent Republican majority What on earth has happened to your party? And what are you going to do about it?

TP: Well, we got our cans kicked—for two election cycles in a row The marketplace measurement in politics is something called an election. It's a pretty good barometer—it's transparent, it's numerical, it's objective. It gives you a pretty good measure of what your customers think of you And in 2006 and 2008, the marketplace was telling the Republicans, We prefer the products and services of your competitors. And so when you're losing market share, you step back and say, What can we do differently?

This is not an instance of saying that we've got principles and values and we're just gonna throw them out the window and pretend like we're Democrats, but we just lost our way You can't say that your hallmark issues are that we're going to control spending, keep taxes low, and make government accountable, and then go to Washington and do the opposite. Barack Obama has made things exponentially worse, but let s face it, when Republicans had total control over it, they didn't do what they said they were gonna do. I think also people got fatigued with the war And the party got into a whole bunch of corruption and personal scandals that weren't compatible with the principles it claimed to stand for. And lastly the idea machine got stale You know, 1994 was the high-water mark of the Contract for America. It was preceded by a lot of great work by governors coming up with ideas on education, tax policy, welfare reform, and the like. And ideas matter But after that bump in the mid-nineties, we got a little stale and in need of freshening up The same holds true now

ESQ: You know, it's funny that you speak in terms of market share I was talking to President Clinton not long ago, and he said that the Republicans face a choice right now They can either try to figure out why America wasn't buying what they've been selling, or they can double down on that which made them unelectable in 2006 and 2008 Now, given some of the extreme behavior on display by your base last summer—the people screaming that government keep its hands off their Medicare and people showing up with guns at Obama speeches—are you afraid that your party is becoming more extreme, contracting into an even smaller tent, and will enjoy less market share?

TP: I would not say that since the summer the party has contracted If you look at the generic Republican-Democrat congressional ballot. for instance, as you look at the Republican victories in the governor's races, the Republican position has significantly improved since the summer So it wouldn't be accurate to say that it's contracted since the summer

I'm not here to say all is well. But there are a bunch of people who went and voted for Barack Obama who are now concerned that he's taken the country in a direction that they don't like And they're not necessarily back to supporting Republicans, but they're available for us to persuade, and that's a huge opportunity Our opportunities for 2010 are tremendous.

ESQ: Well, it could be said that the president's numbers are eroding because he's presuming to do large things, and that always hurts your popularity whether the policy itself is ultimately popular or not, so that will help you some But as I said before, I want to know who or what a Republican is right now—aside from just being the beneficiaries of the discontent with the president's party—as the country waits for somebody to emerge as a national voice for your party.

TP: I think I'll have something to say about that.

ESQ&A

ESQ: That's why I'm here. [*Governor Pawlenty stops for a few minutes for a conference call with Iowa press.*]

Governor, you routinely refer to the president's health-care reform as a government takeover If you had been president, would you have signed President Bush's Medicare Drug Benefit?

TP: Yes A version of it Medicare was started a long time ago, and medicine had changed, having gone from clinical practices and hospitalizations to treating more and more conditions with prescription medicines So it makes sense to extend Medicare benefits to prescription medicines

ESQ: So that's a proper role of government? It was an unfunded half-trillion-dollar program. Okay Do you think the Medicare Act of 1965 would have been consistent with your beliefs and something you would have signed had you been president? Or how about the Social Security Act? Is Social Security a proper role of government? How are those programs materially different from the health-care reform that has been the focus of the president's attention?

TP: Well, in 1965 I was only five years old I think if you look at Medicare and Medicaid, the premise was that government needs to provide some assistance to people who aren't able to take care of themselves. I think we all share that goal, Republicans and Democrats I don't think anybody s gonna go back now and say, Let's abolish, or reduce, Medicare and Medicaid But as we confront the challenges and the responsibilities of our time—from here on—how do we serve more people or different people who are in need of financial assistance? Just forever having the government expand to address all of that seems unwise.

So I can't tell you what I would have thought in 1965 I can tell you I don't favor tearing down those programs, but I do think they can be reformed and improved

ESQ: Governor, members of your party have taken to calling the president a socialist with such regularity that the word has become a fixture in the discourse. Is Barack Obama a socialist?

TP: You know, I don't think name-calling is helpful I've done my share of that, so I'm not Pollyannaish about *how* the political process works But as a general proposition, I think these are serious times, the country's in significant danger and I think we need people who are thoughtful We're gonna have sharp differences, but we need to debate those in a way that's constructive and civil. I think President Obama is governing as a movement liberal I don't think that rises to the level of being a socialist

ESQ: Another central complaint that has emerged from the conservative base is that real Americans are somehow losing the country as they have known it, and that rights are being abridged with reckless abandon Do you agree with that complaint, and if so, what specific rights of ours are being taken away?

TP: I think the proposals that the president has enacted and the ones he has on the table move [*continued on page 162*]

ESQ: Is Barack Obama a socialist?
TP: I think President Obama is governing as a movement liberal. I don't think that rises to the level of being a socialist.



THE SURVEY OF THE MODERN REPUBLICAN PARTY

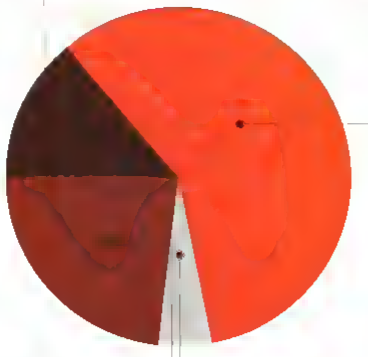
With midterm primary season officially under way, we've been hearing a lot of talk lately about what it means to be a real Republican. So what's the consensus? Beats us. That's why we asked seventy-five leaders of the GOP—current and former members of Congress, former Cabinet officials, state elected officials, county party chairmen, and GOP bigwigs from across the country—to fill out a short anonymous survey about policy, politics, and personalities. From Bush being right on Iraq and Obama being a socialist to their thoughts on immigration and gay marriage, they give us a view of the party that's both predictable and surprising. See for yourself. ➔

WITH REPORTING BY ALLIE TOWNSEND AND MARK MIKIN

1. The state of the Republican Party is:

Great. Things were tough, but we're back and as strong as the Democrats in most parts of the country 13%*

Solid. We're a unified party and we've got a few image problems that we could work on, but our fundamental beliefs are as strong and relevant as ever 61%



Shaky. It's not just image problems—we're losing ground with key constituencies (Hispanics, women, younger voters) and we need to make some adjustments to the party platform 22%

Terrible. We've got problems with the party—big ones—and we need to have a major reassessment of what we should stand for in the twenty-first century 4%

2. Which of the following statements best describes your essential philosophy as a Republican?

You're a fiscal conservative: You believe, above all, that the primary emphasis of the party should be on lower taxes, free markets, and limited government regulation 75%

You're a social conservative: You believe, above all, in defending traditional values. 8%

You're a national security conservative: You believe the Republican party is, above all, the party of national defense 6%

You're a libertarian: You believe, above all, that government should just leave hardworking people alone. 11%

*BECAUSE OF ROUNDING, NOT ALL PERCENTAGES ADD UP TO 100

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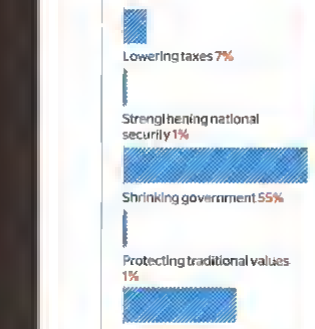
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3. In the elections this fall, what is the one topic that members of the Republican Party should spend the most time talking about?



Lowering taxes 7%

Strengthening national security 1%

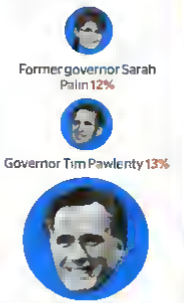
Shrinking government 55%

Protecting traditional values 1%

None of the above/Other 35%

Notable write-ins: Job creation, job creation, job creation.

4. Whom would you most like to see at the top of the ticket in the 2012 elections?



Former governor Sarah Palin 12%

Governor Tim Pawlenty 13%

Former governor Mitt Romney 31%

Former governor Mike Huckabee 8%

None of the above/Other 36%

Notable write-ins: Ron Paul, David Petraeus, Haley Barbour, Mitch Daniels (twice)

5. You've been given the opportunity to nominate the Republican of the Year—a person whose values best reflect your Republican Party. Whom would you choose?



Senator Mitch McConnell 7%

Representative John Boehner 11%

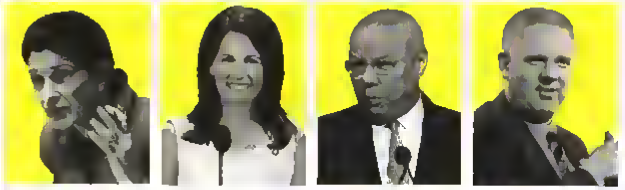
Former vice-president Dick Cheney 11%

Rush Limbaugh 8%

None of the above/Other 64%

Notable write-ins: John McCain (three times), Sarah Palin (four times), Newt Gingrich (twice), Tom Coburn (twice), Governor Bob McDonnell (twice), Tom Ridge, Eric Cantor, Charlie Crist, "I am offended by these choices."

6. You've been given the opportunity to kick one person out of the party—his or her values simply aren't compatible with the Republican Party as you see it. Whom would you choose?



Senator Olympia Snowe 30%

Representative Michele Bachmann 7%

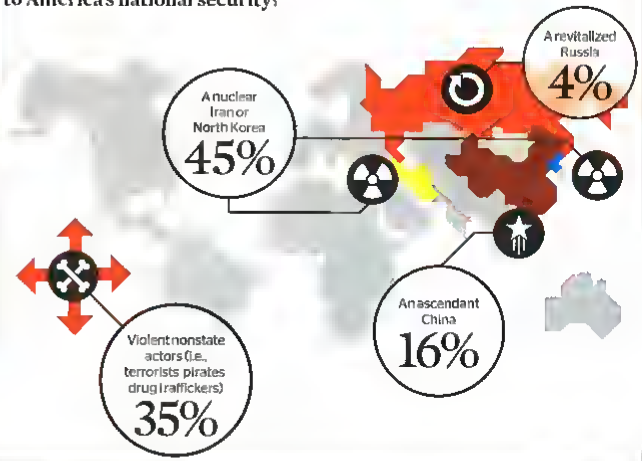
Colin Powell 15%

Glenn Beck 12%

None of the above/Other 37%

Notable write-ins: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Steve King, "We need to grow our tent, not shrink it."

7. Which of the following do you believe to be the number-one threat to America's national security?



8. If you could poach one player from the other team, which of the following Democrats would make a useful addition to the Republican Party?

Warren Buffett 34%

David Axelrod 0%

Hillary Clinton 5%

Oprah Winfrey 5%

No, thanks. You can keep 'em 55%



9. Rush Limbaugh and Glenn Beck have become controversial figures in our national dialogue. In your opinion, they should:

Keep talking. They're speaking for millions of Americans who feel frustrated with the government's current policies. 71%

Tone it down a little. They're smart entertainers, but some of their rhetoric risks alienating moderate and independent voters. 23%

Shut up. They don't speak for mainstream Republicans, and they're scaring people. 6%

10. Michael Steele's chairmanship of the Republican Party has been:

A success. 17%

Pretty good, with a few rough patches. 55%

A disaster, but what did you expect? He got dealt a bad hand. 8%

A disaster. The guy is inept. 4%

None of the above. 16%





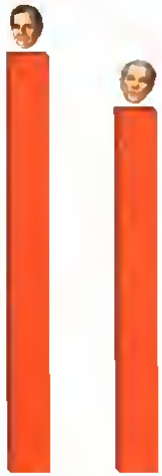
11. In a poll released by Public Policy Polling in early August, just 32 percent of Republicans in Virginia believe that Barack Obama was born in the United States. How would you characterize the role of the so-called "birthers" in the Republican Party?

They're the base. 2%

They're the fringe. 87%

They're the mainstream. 12%

12. Who was the better president?



13. Do you consider Barack Obama a socialist?



14. Given what you've seen so far, do you consider Barack Obama to be a better or worse president than Bill Clinton?

Better. 1%

Worse. 70%

Obama may be *the* worst president we've ever had. 29%

15. Do you believe that the fight against gay marriage should be among the highest priorities of the Republican Party?

Yes. It's a critical issue and we must remain vigilant in defending traditional values and practices. 31%

No. It's a distraction from more important conversations we should be having about national security and fiscal responsibility. 69%

16. Do you agree that the United States should commit as many troops and resources as necessary to defeat the Taliban in Afghanistan?

Yes 78%

No 23%

17. Do you agree that America has the right to impose its will on sovereign countries when its interests are concerned?



18. Do you agree that a flat tax on all Americans would be the best way to reform the federal tax code?



19. Would you, under any circumstances, support a tax increase on any or all Americans over the next twelve months?

Yes 4%

No 96%

20. Would you support temporary work programs and other methods of "earned legalization" for illegal immigrants?

Yes 52%

No 48%

21. Which of the following best describes President George W. Bush's decision to invade Iraq in 2003?

The right decision. 71%

The wrong decision. 29%



22. Would you consider supporting a pro-choice candidate in a local, state, or national election?

Yes ⇩ 67%

No ⇩ 33%

23. Do you believe that climate change is man-made?

Yes 17%

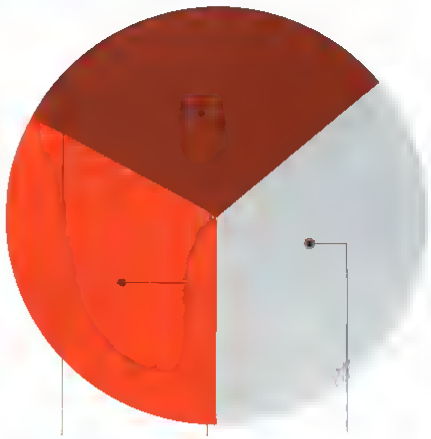
No 83%

24. Describe your preferred makeup of the Republican membership of Congress.

More moderates with a larger but more ideologically diverse caucus. 57%

Fewer moderates with a smaller but more ideologically consistent caucus. 43%

25. When it comes to its racial and ethnic makeup, the Republican Party is:



SO WHAT'S THE CONSENSUS? Based on our survey conducted over the course of six weeks last fall and administered with a guarantee of anonymity to all participants, three out of four leaders of the Republican Party consider Barack Obama to be a socialist. More than one in four consider him the worst president of all time. Sixty-seven percent would consider supporting a pro-choice candidate. Seventy-one percent think W. made the right call in Iraq. No one really likes taxes or the birthers. And a lot of people like Mitt Romney. ■



Esquire

LEO DiCAPRIO DIDN'T GET TO BE THE KING OF HOLLYWOOD ALL BY HIMSELF

LESSONS FROM AN ESSENTIAL ACTOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
NIGEL PARRY

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN

YOU

knew Leonardo DiCaprio was a movie star the first time you saw him on-screen. He keeps getting better because he watches the other movie stars (and directors and cameramen and costume designers) he works with—watches them with intensity—and he learns. Here DiCaprio, thirty-five, the centerpiece of Martin Scorsese's new thriller, *Shutter Island* (opening February 19), talks about what he's picked up along the way.

› YEAH, I CAN TELL YOU what I learned from the mustard jar.

When I was fifteen, I got this amazing opportunity to audition for this plum role opposite Robert De Niro and Ellen Barkin in *This Boy's Life*. Before that it was *The New Lassie* or a Bubble Yum commercial.

They were using the mustard-jar scene in the audition. De Niro was going up to the kids with this almost empty mustard jar and cramming it into their faces, really pushing the kids' buttons. The scene was being used to see if the kid could stand up to De Niro, and it was hard not to be overwhelmed. When he started bludgeoning me, I completely overcompensated. He said, "Is this empty? Is this empty?" I slapped the jar out of his hand, got right up in his face, and screamed at the top of my lungs, "*Noooooooo!*"

It was the most god-awful way to do the scene. I was supposed to be the victim, not the antagonizer, and there was complete silence. De Niro looks at me and goes, "Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh," in that way only De Niro can laugh. "That was good. That was *goooood*. I like that. A little over the-top but good."

My audition was supposed to go on, but they just stopped it. Even though De Niro said he liked it, I left the room thinking, Oh, shit, I'm a laughingstock. I'm buried. I'm done.

Getting that part felt like winning the lottery. Sometimes you've got to go to the wrong place just to show that you're not afraid to go there.

› WHAT CAN YOU LEARN from a plate of spaghetti? I've never been asked that one before.

I loved that character in *Gilbert Grape*. You have to understand that Arnie was a creation that came out of going to a home in Texas and getting to hang out for a few days with some mentally disabled kids. I got to capture their youthlike innocence and that playfulness, that almost rebellious defiance they have for almost any type of authority.

I remember going to Lasse Hallström with this checklist for him to do with the character. It was really Lasse believing in me and allowing me to run amok in all these scenes. It was incredibly fulfilling because there were no rules. Zero. There was nothing I wasn't able to do, no circumstance that I couldn't create, even if it was in defiance of the narrative.

So Lasse would put a plate of spaghetti in front of me at the table, just to see how I could create chaos. You have to really look at that plate of spaghetti and understand how happy Arnie is because he's getting to eat his favorite food. The fact that there's this family dynamic going on around the table that's filled with tension doesn't matter if you're Arnie. Arnie is happier than a pig in shit because he's getting to eat spaghetti.

I'm glad you remembered that scene. What I learned from Arnie is, I would love it if every character could be played like that.

› I LIVED IN A DANGEROUS PART of Hollywood when I was a kid. When I was about eight, I had a camouflage Velcro wallet with two two-dollar bills in it. I was proud of those two-dollar bills. I thought they were worth more because they were hard to get.

One day I said, "Mom, I'm going to go out and show everyone my two-dollar bills." She said, "Leonardo, don't you dare do that!" But out the door I go, down the alley. I see this kid in front of a garage and show him the money.

"That's great," he says. "Hey, you wanna see some more money?"

"Yeah, I wanna see some more money!"

"Put your head down in front of this garage. Under that dumpster is a big pile of money."

"Really?" I drop down.

"No, no, put your head down farther. No, farther. If you wanna see it, you've got to put your head all the way down."





THIS PAGE AND PREVIOUS SUIT, SHIRT, AND TIE BY DOLCE & GABBANA. SHOES BY J.M. WESTON. SUNGLASSES BY MODO FOR NETJETS. PAGE 92 AND NEXT: JACKET AND SWEATER BY LOUIS VUITTON; CORDUROY TROUSERS BY SAVE KHAKI.

Pretty soon my head is on the concrete. The kid steps on my head, rips away my wallet, kicks me in the face, and runs down the block. This kid is twice my size and my face is bloody—but he's got my two-dollar bills. I chase him like a wolverine out of the one-block perimeter where I'm supposed to play, chase him for three blocks. People get between us, and I never get my two-dollar bills back. But I came to understand money at an early age.

› I SAW SO MUCH of the drug culture in my neighborhood when I was young, people shooting up in alleys, or on blow. They looked like vermin, like some monstrous thing had taken over their faces and spirits. I saw lives destroyed early on.

When I was eighteen, River Phoenix was far and away my hero. Think of all those early great performances—*My Own Private Idaho*, *Stand by Me*. I always wanted to meet him. One night, I was at this Halloween party, and he passed me. He was beyond pale—he looked white. Before I got a chance to say hello, he was gone, driving off to the Viper Room, where he fell over and died.

That's a lesson.

› WHAT *DOESN'T* MARTIN SCORSESE teach you? Look, the man embodies the art of filmmaking. He lives and breathes cinema. He is cinema. He can't refer to mutual human emotions without somehow connecting them to film. It's part of his DNA. So here you have not only the best working filmmaker but a historian of movies. There's no film that you mention to him that he will not know. Ask a question about how to play a scene and he'll give you half a dozen examples of ways it's been played before.

Any movie we do, we have screenings of different films to capture the style he wants to portray in a certain scene. He's talking all through the screenings, commenting to his wife, to the cinematographer, yelling to someone in the third row. "Look at this, this is exactly how I want it to look."

He needs you to feel comfortable in the shoes of the character. Because once the shooting starts, he leaves it up to you to navigate the scene.

That way, you can surprise him.

DiCAPRIO'S FIVE ESSENTIAL MOVIES

THE BICYCLE THIEF In one swoop, the thief comes along and strips a man of his entire identity, his manhood, his ability to feed his family, and his pride. **TAXI DRIVER** No movie better depicts insanity. **8 ½** The narrative is out. Regular storytelling is out. Fellini's dreams and his memories, the present and the past, all become one, and it's pure cinematic poetry. **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** It's beyond a movie—it's a spiritual experience. You have to submerge yourself in it with the idea that Kubrick's intent was to make us understand our relationship with the universe. The more you watch it, the more questions it asks. **EAST OF EDEN** I remember seeing the hunger in Dean's eyes and the angst and confusion that he put onscreen. He became a poster boy for cool, but he was at his most vulnerable and exposed. I watched it five times in a row.

› JAMES CAMERON IS AN UNBELIEVABLE visionary. There are so few filmmakers able to command the multiple things he had to deal with on *Titanic* or *Avatar*.

Jim knows exactly what he wants. Needless to say, when somebody felt a different way on the set of *Titanic*, there was a confrontation. Jim had it out with them right there in front of everybody. He lets you know exactly how he feels. But he's of the lineage of John Ford. He knows what he wants his film to be.

I remember sitting in a theater after it was done and being in awe. He got what he wanted.

› IT'S HARD TO TALK ABOUT the time period after *Titanic* because I get the feeling people think I'm complaining about being a movie star. The intrusion into my private life was insanely jarring, and it would've been difficult for anyone to deal with. I was in my early twenties, and I had no idea what was going on.

It wasn't the era of penetrating Internet paparazzi that we have now. But my name wasn't me anymore. I was sort of this thing. Kate felt it, too. But a lot of the attention was on me because of the teenage girls who repeatedly went to see the movie. I had the blond hair, and I was Jack Dawson, this heroic figure.

So I set up everything in my personal life to rebel against that image in order to strip it down. I had a lot of fun stripping it down. But ultimately, that knocked me a few rungs down the ladder.

That stage was a huge learning period, and I have no complaints. None of the stuff I'm doing now would be possible if it weren't for *Titanic*.

› A LOT OF THINGS ARE RISKY. I don't know where to begin.

What you risk just to have thrills when you're in your twenties is absurd. It's all part of that process of doing things that are daring to be accepted by your peers—and it's absolutely insane. You can enter a never-ending vapid hole trying to catch the next exciting moment without ever stopping to appreciate it. It can be a never-ending process of chasing something that isn't there. I know it's a cliché, but I'm happy to be alive. I went skydiving and my chutes didn't open. Two of them.

I've seen people have near-death experiences or lose things that are really important to them, then they stop and say, What is this crap that I'm focusing on? Why can't I just be happy to put my pants on in the morning?

That's the one thing my dad always told me: Be happy to put your pants on every morning. If you can do that.

› THE ONLY OTHER PERSON who knows as much about film as Martin Scorsese is Steven Spielberg.

I went from working with Marty on *Gangs of New York* to working with Steven on *Catch Me If You Can*. I thought it would be a huge transition to go from a nineteenth-century gang member slaughtering people like lambs to sipping champagne on planes in a James Bond suit. I had to publicize both movies at the same time, and people would always ask me, What are the differences between Spielberg and Scorsese?

All I could find myself talking about was the similarities.

› WHAT MADE IT WEIRD was there was no weirdness. There couldn't have been a more comfortable environment to play a sex scene. *Revolutionary Road* was almost like a family theater production.

Kate Winslet is one of my dearest friends. We have the ultimate trust in each other and the best of intentions for what we want to do. I knew Kate before Sam [Mendes, her husband] even met her. So on the outside, it may seem strange to do a sex scene with a woman while her husband is directing. But it didn't feel that wey to me.

When the scene was about to start, Kate said, in front of the crew, "Wait, wait, this is totally weird." She turned to both Sam and I and said, "Are you guys okay?"

We both looked at each other and said, Yeah, we're totally fine.

She said, "It's even weirder that you're both totally fine."

› MOST OF THE TIME, you're not paying attention to the cinematographer. You're focusing on what you have to do as an actor.

I remember working with Bob Richardson on *The Aviator*. They'd made up this fake XF-11 cockpit that has exploded. There are flames around me and I'm stuck in this bubble, trying to smash my way out. I don't see anyone around me for a mile, because I m up high on this sort of pulpit and there's a wall of flames thirty-feet high in front of me.

I hear, "Action!" I'm bumping this thing, trying to smash through it. Through the flames comes this Zeus-like figure with long white hair, no protection, with his camera that zooms in and hovers. His back is almost on fire. I nearly stop and say, What the hell are you doing?

As soon as they call "cut," I say, "Bob, are you out of your mind? You just came right through a wall of fire."

He says, "I know, buddy, that's the best way to get the shot."

"What about your hair? You have foot-long hair."

"None of it burned. It's all good. Let's go again."

He turned around, and I knew he'd do anything he could to burn a powerful image into celluloid.

That's infectious.

› I WORKED WITH a great acting coach, Larry Moss. One of the things he talks about is specificity—how the worst thing an actor can do when they come on set is go in and try to say the lines as naturally as possible.

At first, that sounds counterintuitive to what you're supposed to do. But you have to do a tremendous amount of homework to get to that place of saying something naturally. Kids barely breaking ten years old come up to me and say, What do I need to learn to be an actor?

You need to do a tremendous amount of work to have the balls to say something naturally.

› I READ SOME SHAKESPEARE in high school, but it wasn't until *Romeo + Juliet*, where Baz Luhrmann made us buckle down and really understand the poetry of the words and the meanings of each sentence. There's this other layer to it, too? And this has a triple meaning? Jesus Christ, how do you play a triple meaning?

› WHEN I SEE A MOVIE I've done two years ago, I have crisp memories of being on set and what I felt the scene was supposed to be. But when I look at work I've done ten years ago, I can say, Oh, I see what people saw in that movie. Or, I see where this film went wrong. Yeah, I get why people didn't connect with that.

Detachment. You need that detachment.

› I WAS EIGHTEEN when I got to work with Meryl Streep in *Marvin's Room*. I remember going over my lines with her off camera, looking at her and thinking to myself, What is going on here? How is this going to look good?

Then when I sat in the theater, it was, Oh, my God, she's the only person who looks completely natural. She's the only person who has actually made her character into a real human being who would have an erratic moment because those erratic moments are what make you more human. That was a huge moment of discovery.

Meryl may be the greatest actor in the world.

› YOU NEED A GOOD costume designer because you're never really able to be in the skin of a character until you get into their clothes and walk around in them. You need to feel the fabric they feel, the type of shoes they wear, the kind of watch they have on their wrist.

As soon as I started to try the clothes on for *Revolutionary Road*, I began to slump a little with my cigarette, my belly popped out a little more. I felt this nostalgic guy who's gone through war and is now so relaxed in the suburbs, who thinks everything is just fine with his wife, so it's okay to go cheat on her. The clothes told me. She'll be around because we're comfortable.

WHY DiCAPRIO IS AN ESSENTIAL ACTOR

By Martin Scorsese

Commitment. Adventurousness. A sense of truth. An ability to hold the screen. These are among the rare qualities that make Leo DiCaprio an essential actor.

There's an old phrase that certainly applies to Leo: The camera loves him. In other words, his presence before the camera magnetizes us instantly, draws us into a mystery, compels us to follow him.

Of course, the camera loves a lot of faces, but there are very few actors who can work from that gift, who can take us deep into their own inner journey which complements the greater journey of the film itself. You need talent, sensitivity, fortitude, and absolute fearlessness. Leo has it all.

I know I can trust Leo to keep not just his character but the arc of the whole film in mind while he goes as far as he needs to. And I know he's not going to let vanity get in the way. That can be a stumbling block for many actors, and understandably so, because their images define them as artists and as public figures. For Leo, it's not a question. His commitment to the truth of his character, no matter how ugly or inexplicable, is total. This is one of the qualities that I admire most about him.

Leonardo and I have worked together on four pictures now. It's been one of the great adventures of my career. He is absolutely essential to me, to all of us, and essential to the history of movies.

AND ONE ESSENTIAL DiCAPRIO MOMENT

About a third of the way into *Shutter Island*, Scorsese's new film, DiCaprio demonstrates what the director is talking about. Talking to Mark Ruffalo, who plays his U.S. marshal partner, DiCaprio's character lays out what he believes is some sinister activity occurring at the insane asylum they're investigating. As he builds his case, pacing around a small, dark room with spittle on his lips and his eyes scrunched up and his hair all wet, you're witnessing one of the actor's essential gifts: conviction. DiCaprio is at his best when he is straining—really twisting himself up—to convince somebody of the truth, because it's clear that the first person he convinced was himself.

—RYAN D'AGOSTINO



› OUT OF ANY ACTOR, I can't think of anyone who's got more memorable moments in cinema than Jack Nicholson.

Jack never takes a single line straight on. Never takes an emotion written in the script at face value. He brings terror into what you thought was supposed to be a light moment and makes a light moment out of a cutthroat vicious line. He flips everything on its side.

When you're working with somebody like that, it's just a matter of keeping up.

In *Departed*, we had this confrontation scene. How would I react to him being suspicious of me being the rat? We did the scene, felt good about it, and that was it for the day. But I believe Jack went up to Marty afterward and said, "I don't know if he necessarily believed me. I don't know if he was sincerely threatened."

Marty said, "Let's do it again tomorrow."

So I come on the set the next day and hear we're doing the scene over for lighting reasons. Okay. But then a prop guy comes over to me and says, "Just to let you know there were some props Jack asked for. I had to get him a fire extinguisher, a bottle of whiskey, a lighter, and a gun."

› I HAVE TO SAY, I'm pretty proud of *Shutter Island*. I'd love to tell you a particular story about it, but I can't. I'm not going to talk about it in any detail because I don't want to ruin it for anyone who's going to watch it.

› MY GRANDMOTHER was one of my favorite people. It was great to bring her around because she was true to herself in any environment.

I once took her to the Picasso Museum. She knew what Picasso meant historically, but that didn't resonate where she came from. To her, when you paint a flower, it's supposed to look like a flower. So before we go in, I tell her, "Look, Oma, I know how you feel about Picasso, but we're getting a tour from his grandson, so whatever he asks, please, just be nice."

Right at the end of the tour, of course, the moment arrives. Bernard Picasso says, "So, Helena, what do you think of this painting?"

"I don't like it."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you why. If you paint a woman, it should look like a woman. If you paint a snake, it should look like a snake. You could tell me that this painting is an airplane and I'd say, 'Okay, it's an airplane.' You know why? Because it looks like nothing."

Ohhhh, Looord, I'm thinking. How's he going to take that?

At the hotel, I get a three-page letter from Bernard Picasso. It says, 'Speaking with such clarity was the true spirit of what my geandfather embodied. Your grandmother has worked too hard her entire life to make friends for the sake of who they are. That's what I love about her. Please bring her back."

I don't think I'm capable of honesty to the extent of my grandmother. But people tell me I have that quality. If it's true, it must come out in different ways.

› THE EARLIEST MEMORIES I have are jumping up onstage before concerts in downtown L.A. and trying to get on the mic and break-dance, or do imitations of my mother's friends or my father's friends, or be a comic in class. I was the most insane child you can imagine, pretty intolerable to be around. High-octane energy all the time, never wanting to focus on schoolwork.

Probably the only thing I knew with complete clarity was that I wanted to be an actor. But there was a lot of rejection early on, and so it never felt like, Hey, I've got something here. There was always an element of me that needed to prove something to myself. It's something I don't want to get rid of, because it's what drives me. I'm never settled and I'm never satisfied.

I do try to think of myself in the long term. But I can't imagine what it's going to be like in the future. So all I can tell you is, I haven't quenched my thirst.

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AMERICAN TRIBES: A FASHION STORY

THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO TWELVE DISTINCT CULTURES OF AMERICAN STYLE*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN CLARKE

*Minor tribes we won't be covering in this feature: the Guy Who Always Wears Sweatpants, the Skinhead, the Circus Clown, the Civil War Reenactor, the Muppet, the Supreme Court Justice, the Nudist.



THE POWERHOUSE

Also Known As: The master of the universe, the big swinging dick, the man.

Dress code: Power suits, seven-fold ties, black cap toe oxfords. **First known sighting:** Drexel Burnham Lambert, 1984. **Recent sighting:** Testifying before Congress. **Hall of Famers:** Michael Milken, Gordon Gekko, Jack Donaghy. **Signature accessory:** Deborah, his longtime personal assistant. **Bragging rights:** Record profits in 2009. **Cause for stress:** Barney Fking Frank. **Pickup line:** "We've got ten minutes until Asia opens." **Favorite book:** *Atlas Shrugged*. **On his iPod:** Radiohead. **In his driveway:** Cadillac Escalade (with driver). **In his closet:** Double-breasted wool suit ($7495), cotton shirt ($595), and silk tie ($215) by Brioni; silk pocket square ($90) by Ermenegildo Zegna; stainless-steel Serena garbo Gent watch ($4,850) by Bertolucci.



THE WASP

Also Known As:
The collegiate, the preppy guy, the man in the go-to-hell pants.

Dress code: Double-breasted blazers, pressed trousers, buckle. **First known sighting:** White Anglo-Saxon Protestants in 1920s Harvard Yard. **Recent sighting:** Non-Wasps everywhere. (The name stuck.) **Hall of Famers:** William F. Buckley Jr., Alex P. Keaton, André Benjamin. **Signature accessory:** Repp ties. **Bragging rights:** Killer squash game. **Cause for stress:** Grass stains. **Pickup line:** "Your collar looks like it could use some popping." **On his iPod:** Vampire Weekend. **In his driveway:** BMW 7 Series. **In his closet:** [illegible]breasted wool-and-cashmere blazer ($595); [illegible]ton shirt ($425) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; [illegible] ($250) by Cesare Attolini; [illegible]) by Burberry; [illegible] shoes ($1[illegible]

THE PROFESSIONAL

Also Known As: The company man, the shark.

Dress code: Lightweight suits, slim fit shirts dark neckties. **First known sighting:** *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*, 1956. **Recent sighting:** *Up in the Air* 2009 **Signature accessory:** BlackBerry **Bragging rights:** Got a bonus last year **Cause for stress:** The size of that bonus **Favorite book:** *The 48 Laws of Power* **On his iPod:** Jay-Z **In his driveway:** Audi A8 **In his closet:** One-button wool-silk-and-linen blazer ($1 895) cotton shirt ($395) and wool trousers ($325) by Armani Collezioni, silk tie ($180) by Giorgio Armani, leather shoes ($760) by Church's.



THE WORKMAN

Also Known As: The blue-collar guy, Joe Six-Pack.

Dress code Canvas or wool jackets, denim jeans work boots. **First known sighting:** The Industrial Revolution. **Recent sighting:** Steel mills in Pittsburgh artists studios in Brooklyn. **Hall of Famers.** Jackson Pollock Jack Kerouac Jean-Michel Basquiat **Signature accessory:** Rips and/or paint splashes **Bragging rights:** Earned every one of those rips and paint splashes. **Pickup line:** "Would you like to feel my calluses?" **Favorite book** *The Grapes of Wrath* **On his iPod** Johnny Cash **In his driveway** Vintage Ford pickup **In his closet:** Two-button cotton blazer ($1 500) by Etro, cotton jacket ($425) by Woolrich Woolen Mills, cotton shirt ($98) and cotton T-shirt ($27) by J. Crew cotton jeans ($98) by Levi's.



THE ITALIAN

Also Known As: The *sprezzatura* [illegible], the American [illegible] looks vaguely [illegible]

[illegible] **Dress code:** [illegible] ful accessories, driving shoes. **First known sighting:** Naples, Italy early twentieth century. **Recent sighting:** Corner table at Cipriani. **Signature accessory:** Billowing pocket square. **Bragging rights:** Headed to South Africa for the World Cup. **Cause for stress:** Not real ly sure how soccer works. **Hobby:** Practicing his roll ing r's. **Pickup line:** "Can I buy you a *drrrrrink*?" **On his iPod:** David Bowie. **In his driveway:** Vespa scooter. **In his closet:** Two-button cotton blazer ($795) by Prada, cotton shirt ($395) by Ermenegildo Zegna; silk tie ($205) by Ermenegildo Zegna Couture; silk pocket square ($75) by Robert Talbott; [illegible] linen trou- ($395) by Loro Piana; moccasins ($350) [illegible] Rossetti; loath- ($275) by Giorgio ic titanium Thor- Bolesani chro- ph ($5,400) by David comb by Mason Pearson



THE WOODSMAN

Also Known As: The hunter, the outdoorsman.

Dress code: Waxed cotton jackets, corduroy pants, all manner of tweed. **First known sighting:** English hunting lodges 1920s. **Recent sighting:** In line for a Wes Anderson movie. **Hall of Famers:** The British Royals. Ted Turner. Peter Beard. **Hobbies:** Hunting, shooting, fishing. **Signature accessory:** Dangerous weapon. **Bragging rights:** Once hooked a fish the size of Wichita. **Cause for stress:** Had to cut it loose. **Favorite book:** *Hemingway on Hunting*. **On his iPod:** Lynyrd Skynyrd. **In his driveway:** Land Rover Defender. **In his closet:** Waxed cotton jacket ($379) by Barbour; linen and cashmere vest ($185) Polo by Ralph Lauren; cotton shirt ($465) by Paul Smith; silk tie ($175) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; cotton corduroy trousers ($100) by Save Khaki; canvas and leather belt ($58) by Cole Haan



THE SPORTSMAN

Also Known As: The jock, the running man.

Dress code Technical sportswear mixed with jeans and T-shirts. **First known sighting** Northeastern prep schools 1960s **Recent sighting** The express line at Whole Foods **Hall of Famers** JFK Jr., Lance Armstrong, Tom Brady **Signature accessory** Sigg bottle **Bragging rights** Training for marathon number seven. **Cause for stress** Trick knee **Pickup line** "Didn't we meet at the Ironman last year?" **Favorite book** *The Call of the Wild* **On his iPod** Phish. **In his driveway** 1973 Ford Bronco **In his closet** Nylon jacket ($695) by Burberry; nylon vest ($450) by Moncler; cotton sweater ($245) by Stone Island; cotton jeans ($165) by J Brand; steel and PVD 007 watch ($880) by Red8World; Cordura backpack ($225) by Jack Spade; carabiners by Omega Pacific; water bottles by Sigg.



THE RAKE

Also Known As: The playboy, the ladies man.

Dress code [illegible] striped blazers [illegible] all top buttons un[illegible] **First known sighting** [illegible]s 1960s. **Recent sighting** The after after after party **Hall of Famers** Robert Evans, Joe Namath, Tom Ford **Signature accessory** Chest hair **Bragging rights** Bitchin' apartment. **Cause for stress** Psycho ex girlfriend **Pickup line** "Hello there." **Favorite book** *The Complete Kama Sutra* **On his iPod** MGMT **In his driveway** Jaguar XJ8 **In his closet** Two button mohair-silk and-cotton jacket ($3,400), cotton shirt ($495) and silk pocket square ($140) by Tom Ford; cotton jeans ($1,450) by Dolce & Gabbana; leather belt ($995) by Brunello Cucinelli; white gold Big Pilot watch ($26,500) by IWC; bracelets from left ($225) by Tod's; ($375) by Luis Morais; ($125) Giles & Brother by Philip Crangi; gold cufflinks ($3,650) by David Yurman.



THE MINIMALIST

Also Known As: The Puritan, the man who never wears color.

Dress code: Gr iv or black suits, white shirts, basic ties **First known sighting:** Plymouth Rock 1620 **Recent sighting:** *Mad Men* Sundays at 10 (9 Cen tral) **Hall of Famers:** Mies van der Rohe Malcolm X the Reser voir Dogs **Signature accessory:** N/A **Pick up line:** "You re wearing my favorite shade of black **Favorite book:** *The Big Sleep* **On his iPod:** Explo sions in the Sky **In his driveway:** Lexus LS Hybrid In black obviously **In his closet:** One-button wool suit ($1 295) and cotton shirt ($275) by Cal vin Klein Collection, silk tie ($125) by Hu go Boss leather shoes ($530) by Prada.



THE TRAD

Also Known As: The New Englander, the professor.

Dress code: Tweed blazers, button down oxford-cloth shirts rumpled khaki chinos **First known sighting:** The original J Press shop in New Haven Connecticut 1902. **Recent sighting:** Hipster coffee shop near you. **Hall of Famers.** Miles Davis, George Plimpton John Updike **Signature accessory:** Knit tie **Bragging rights:** Wearing the same pair of khakis for fifteen years. **Cause for stress:** Hole in the crotch of said khakis. **Pickup line:** "I like your cardigan." **Favorite book:** *The Stories of John Cheev er* **On his iPod.** Talking Heads. **In his driveway:** 1983 Mercedes Benz S Series. **In his closet** Three button wool herringbone blazer ($265) by J. Crewe cotton shirt ($30) by L. L. Bean; cotton tie ($95) by Gant, cotton trousers ($98) by Dockers; leather belt ($45) by J. Press leather loafers ($495) by Prada, glasses ($405) by Tom Ford.



THE ROCKER

Also Known As: The friend of the band.

Dress code: Leather mixed with denim and tailoring. **First known sighting:** The Sunset Strip, early 1960s. **Recent sighting:** The VIP area at Bonnaroo. **Hall of Famers:** Jim Morrison, Lou Reed, Johnny Depp. **Signature accessory:** Sunglasses. **Cause for stress:** Receding hairline. **Pickup line:** "Want to go backstage?" **Favorite book:** *Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung.* **On his iPod:** Which one? I've got twelve." **In his driveway:** 1969 Ford Mustang. **In his closet:** Leather jacket ($2,920) by Dior Homme; cotton and linen vest ($498) by John Varvatos; cotton shirt ($165) by John Varvatos Star USA; cotton jeans ($189) by 7 for All Mankind.



THE ROLLER

Also Known As: The man of leisure, the easy rider.

Dress code: [illegible] crested blazers, cashmere sweaters, white jeans. **First known sighting:** The French Riviera, early 1920s. **Recent sighting:** The San Diego Yacht Club. **Hall of Famers:** Errol Flynn, Richard Branson, Lapo Elkann. **Signature accessory:** Beaded bracelet. **Bragging rights:** Hasn't sat at a desk since the late eighties. **Pickup line:** "I'm free all day tomorrow. And the next day. How about you?" **Favorite book:** *A Moveable Feast.* **On his iPod:** James Brown, [illegible]. **In his driveway:** 1957 Porsche Speedster. (Google it.) **In his closet:** Three-button linen blazer ($2,295) cashmere polo ($1,330), and suede boots ($748) by Brunello Cucinelli; cotton T-shirt ($98) by John Varvatos Star USA; cashmere sweater ($695) by Loro Piana; cotton jeans ($70) by DKNY Jeans; bracelet ($70) by Miracle Icons; stainless-steel Thoroughbred Belmont chronograph ($4,050) and bead necklace ($350) by David Yurman. Surfboard courtesy of [illegible].

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 163. CASTING BY M. MCCARTHY AND SUZE LEE FOR URBAN PRODUCTIONS. GROOMING BY VANESSA MITCHELL. SET DESIGN BY AMY HENRY FOR C.M.

THE ESSENTIALS

STYLE

THE RECOMMENDATIONS

Reliable sources for your basic style needs



1 Basic navy-blue suit. Brooks Brothers
2 Big-ticket power suit Brioni
3 White dress shirt: Saks Fifth Avenue Men's Collection.
4 Striped dress shirt: Turnbull & Asser
5 Expensive cashmere sweater: Loro Piana
6 Inexpensive cashmere sweater: Façonnable.
7 Three-button wool coat. Ralph Lauren Black Label.
8 Trench coat: Burberry
9. Down jacket. Moncler
10 Dress watch: Patek Philippe
11 Sport watch Rolex
12 Basic black oxford lace-ups: Allen Edmonds.
13 Big-ticket black oxford lace-ups. Donald J Pliner

Clockwise from top left: Two-button wool Fitzgerald suit ($898) by Brooks Brothers. White-gold Calatrava Collection watch ($18,800) by Patek Philippe. Three-button wool coat ($2,595) by Ralph Lauren Black Label. Cashmere-blend sweaters ($145 each) by Façonnable. Leather shoes ($365) by Donald J Pliner. Cotton twill shirt ($135) by Saks Fifth Avenue Men's Collection.

THE TEN ESSENTIAL TRUTHS OF MEN'S STYLE

By Nick Sullivan, Esquire fashion director

1 Most people—most of the time—judge you by what you're wearing, and if you care what people think, you should care about what you wear. Life doesn't get much simpler than that.

2 If you like something, respect it. Hang your pants. Roll your ties. Put shoe trees in your shoes. Oh, and wire hangers? The instruments of Beelzebub and coincidentally, dry cleaners. Stick with wooden ones.

3 Pull yourself together. Always. Everywhere. Wherever you're going to, the dentist or on a date, every occasion has minimum standards. Try to meet them.

4 People who are slaves to matching (e.g., belts to shoes, socks to trousers) are shallow and tend to lack in the friends department. Anyone points out that something doesn't match? Punch him. That'll teach him.

5 Learn to sew a button. It's a life-changing skill that teaches you patience and the value of self-sufficiency. We cannot say the same about knitting.

6 Never attempt maintenance, home improvement, house moving, or gardening in any of your best pieces of clothing. You are only asking for trouble.

7 The best way to look effortless is to work hard at it.

8 Your posture is half the investment in buying a new suit. If you're not going to stand up straight, you might as well wear a Hefty bag.

9 Fit is the other half. Money is only a minor consideration.

10 Check your fly.

THE MOST STYLISH MEN OF ALL TIME

And we mean all time



The Caveman (100,000-B.C.-ish): Because when early humans first wore tailored animal skins, they realized two essential things about style: Clothes are necessary and they should always fit. *Lesson: Life can be incredibly hard on nudists, so it's best to wear clothes in public. Also, they should follow your body's basic contours—i.e., they should fit.*



John Calvin (1509–1564): Because the most famous minimalist in world history knew you didn't need expensive cloths or bright colors to convey authority. *Lesson: Black and white, worn with the requisite gravity, is a powerful and intimidating combination. See also, the Secret Service, the Reservoir Dogs, nuns.*



Mark Twain (1835–1910): Because long before Tom Wolfe, Twain had fourteen white lounge suits made so he could wear a clean one every day. *Lesson: Know what you like, wear it, and when at all possible, buy more than one at a time. You never know when a brand will stop making your favorite things.*



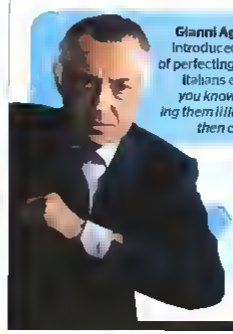
Beau Brummell (1778–1840): Because the best dressed man in Regency England popularized the convention of wearing suits with neckties. He was also rumored to have spent five hours getting ready every day. *Lesson: Make an effort. Maybe not five-hours-getting-ready effort, but enough that you wear a tie even when you don't have to.*



Al Capone (1899–1947): Because this pinstripe-suit wearing, polka dot–loving, single-chomping SOB used clothing to express his larger than life personality. He also made it dangerous to mess with dandies. *Lesson: There is nothing remotely leery in caring about what you wear or wearing what you like—pink polka dots, whatever. Be a man about it and don't take shit from anyone.*



Cary Grant (1904–1986): Because this lifelong fan of bespoke suits turned the whole world on to the magic of Savile Row tailoring. *Lesson: There is no substitute for good tailoring, and there is no better tailoring than the kind found on Savile Row.*



Gianni Agnelli (1921–2003): Because he introduced the Italian art of *sprezzatura*—of perfecting the slightly imperfect—to non-Italians everywhere. *Lesson: Only when you know the rules can you begin breaking them a little bit, one by one, and only then can you be said to possess style.*



The Rat Pack (1915–1998): Because they wore their tuxedos like second skins. *Lesson: Don't complain about it, don't fidget in it, and for the love of God, don't rent it. A well-chosen tuxedo can transform any man into whom ever he wants to be.*



Arnold Palmer (1929–): Because this son of working-class Pennsylvania taught the rich kids how to dress for golf. *Lesson: Keep it simple. Solid shirt, solid chinos, dark socks and shoes. Maybe a cardigan. That's it.*



Steve McQueen (1930–1980): Because no one in history has done more to advance the noble cause of khakis, jeans, cable-knit sweaters, and leather jackets. *Lesson: Invest in a few casual basics (see: khakis, jeans, et al.), dress them up or down as needed, and have some fun.*

Browse our full list of the 75 Best Dressed Men of All Time at esquire.com/75-best-dressed

THE LANGUAGE OF CLOTHING

Five key words that let you talk knowledgeably (but not too knowledgeably) about your closet

Break: As in the kink halfway up the front crease of pants between the shoe and the knee. It can range from a full break (your pants reach the bottom of your heels) to a medium break (your pants fall an inch or two below the top of your shoes) to no break (your pants hit the top of your shoes). *Suggested use: "Who in their right mind would ask for anything other than a one-inch break? A Communist, that's who."*

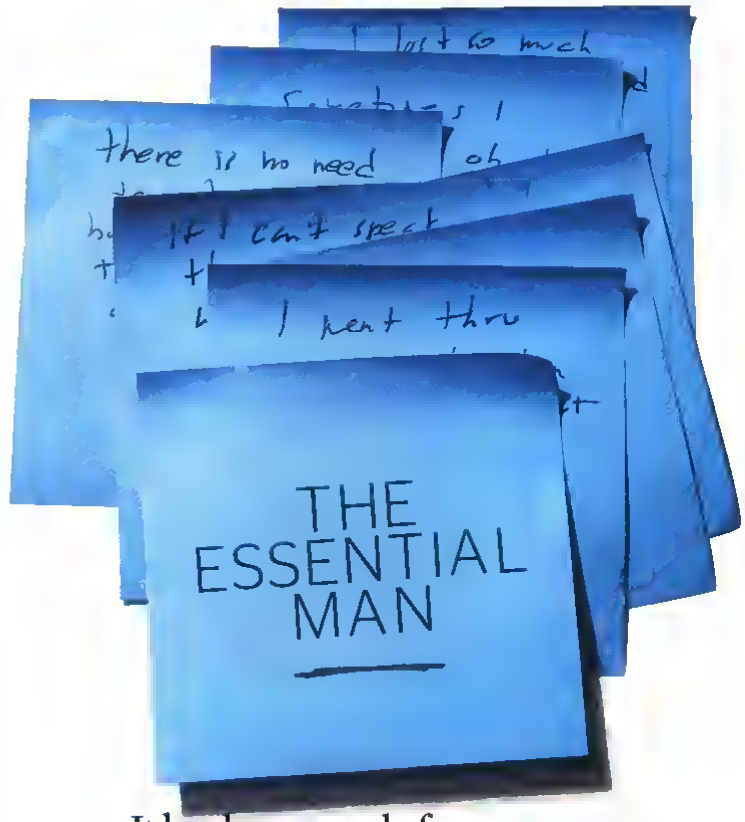
Canvas. As in the sandwich of several layers of cloth between the exterior and the lining of a suit jacket. It maintains the shape and integrity of good tailoring. *Suggested use: "Is this jacket fully canvased? You mind if I pinch the cloth to see?"*

Movement: As in the tiny machine inside most every watch that keeps it ticking. There are generally two types of movements: mechanical (i.e., watches you have to wind or that wind themselves) and quartz (i.e., watches that run on battery power). *Suggested use: "Ninety percent of a watch's cost is its movement. You believe that shit?"*

Patina: As in the color, texture, and polish of good shoes. The richer the patina, the higher the overall quality. *Suggested use: "Careful! It took some Italian woman six years and three cataract surgeries to get this patina right."*

Silhouette: As in the basic shape and outline of tailored clothing. The leaner the silhouette of your suit or coat, the better the fit of the clothes and the better you tend to look. *Suggested usage: "This silhouette is way too bulky. I look like John Goodman."*

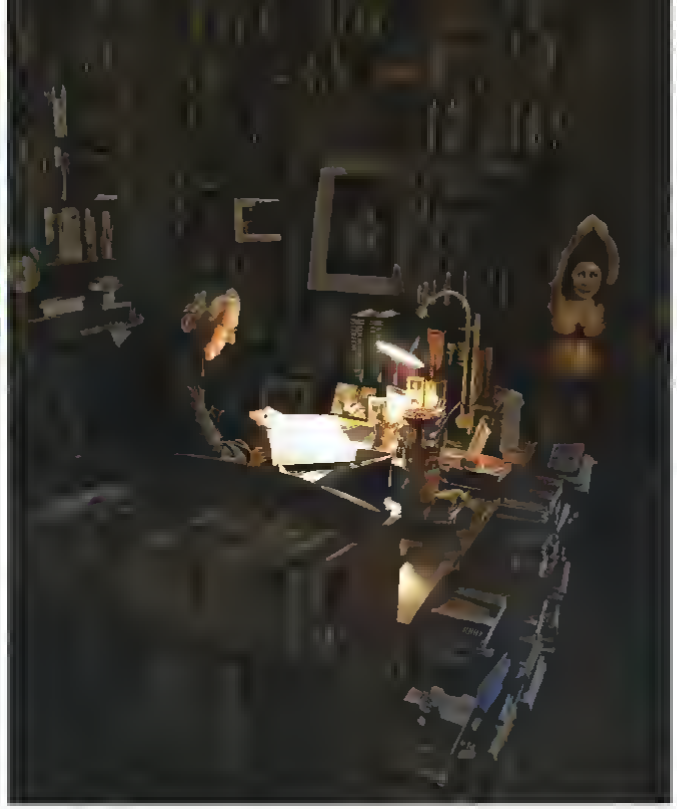




It has been nearly four years since **ROGER EBERT** lost his lower jaw and his ability to speak. Now television's most famous movie critic is rarely seen and never heard, but his words have never stopped.

BY CHRIS JONES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ETHAN HILL

FOR THE 281ST TIME IN THE LAST TEN MONTHS,



Roger Ebert is sitting down to watch a movie in the Lake Street Screening Room, on the sixteenth floor of what used to pass for a skyscraper in the Loop. Ebert's been coming to it for nearly thirty years, along with the rest of Chicago's increasingly venerable collection of movie critics. More than a dozen of them are here this afternoon, sitting together in the dark. Some of them look as though they plan on camping out, with their coats, blankets, lunches, and laptops spread out on the seats around them.

The critics might watch three or four movies in a single day, and they have rules and rituals along with their lunches to make it through. The small, fabric-walled room has forty-nine purple seats in it, Ebert always occupies the aisle seat in the last row, closest to the door. His wife, Chaz, in her capacity as vice-president of the Ebert Company, sits two seats over, closer to the middle, next to a little table. She's sitting there now, drinking from a tall paper cup. Michael Phillips, Ebert's bearded, bespectacled replacement on *At the Movies*, is on the other side of the room, one row down. The guy who used to write under the name Capone for *Ain't It Cool News* leans against the far wall. Jonathan Rosenbaum and Peter Sobczynski, dressed in black, are down front.

"Too close for me," Ebert writes in his small spiral notebook.

Today, Ebert's decided he has the time and energy to watch only one film, Pedro Almodovar's new Spanish-language movie, *Broken Embraces*. It stars Penélope Cruz. Steve Kraus, the house projectionist, is busy pulling seven reels out of a cardboard box and threading them through twin Simplex projectors.

Unlike the others, Ebert, sixty-seven, hasn't brought much survival gear with him: a small bottle of Evian moisturizing spray with a pink cap, some Kleenex, his spiral notebook and a blue fine-tip pen. He's wearing jeans that are falling off him at the waist, a pair of New Balance sneakers, and a blue cardigan zipped up over the bandages around his neck. His seat is worn soft and reclines a little, which he likes. He likes, too, for the seat in front of him to remain empty, so that he can prop his left foot onto its armrest; otherwise his back and shoulders can't take the strain of a feature-length sitting anymore.



Ebert in his office at his Chicago townhouse, surrounded by some of his thousands of books. Because he has difficulty sitting upright, he rarely uses his desk anymore. Instead he spends hours in his recliner, writing on his laptop.

The lights go down. Kraus starts the movie. Subtitles run along the bottom of the screen. The movie is about a film director, Harry Caine, who has lost his sight. Caine reads and makes love by touch, and he writes and edits his films by sound. "Films have to be finished, even if you do it blindly," someone in the movie says. It's a quirky, complex, beautiful little film, and Ebert loves it. He radiates kid joy. Throughout the screening, he takes excited notes—references to other movies, snatches of dialogue, meditations on Almodovar's symbolism and his use of the color red. Ebert scribbles constantly, his pen digging into page after page, and then he tears the pages out of his notebook and drops them to the floor around him. Maybe twenty or thirty times the sound of paper being torn from a spiral rises from the aisle seat in the last row.

The lights come back on. Ebert stays in his chair, savoring, surrounded by his notes. It looks as though he's sitting on top of a cloud of paper. He watches the credits, lifts himself up, and kicks his notes into a small pile with his feet. He slowly bends down to pick them up and walks with Chaz back out to the elevators. They hold hands, but they don't say anything to each other. They spend a lot of time like that.

ROGER EBERT CAN'T REMEMBER the last thing he ate. He can't remember the last thing he drank, either, or the last thing he said. Of course, those things existed; those lasts happened. They just didn't happen with enough warning for him to have bothered committing them to memory—it wasn't as though he sat down, knowingly, to his last supper or last cup of coffee or to whisper a last word into Chaz's ear. The doctors told him they were going to give him back his ability to eat, drink, and talk. But the doctors were wrong, weren't they? On some morning or afternoon or evening, sometime in 2006, Ebert took his last bite and sip, and he spoke his last word.

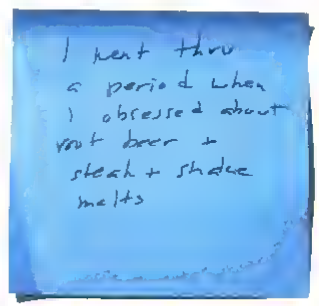
Ebert's lasts almost certainly took place in a hospital. That much he can guess. His last food was probably nothing special, except that it was: hot soup in a brown plastic bowl, maybe some oatmeal, perhaps a saltine or some canned peaches. His last drink? Water, most likely, but maybe juice, again slurped out of plastic with the tinfoil lid peeled back. The last thing he said? Ebert thinks about it for a few moments, and then his eyes go wide behind his glasses, and he looks out into space in case the answer is floating in the air somewhere. It isn't. He looks surprised that he can't remember. He knows the last words Studs Terkel's wife, Ida, muttered when she was wheeled into the operating room ("Louis, what have you gotten me into now?"), but Ebert doesn't know what his own last words were. He thinks he probably said goodbye to Chaz before one of his own trips into the operating room, perhaps when he had parts of his salivary glands taken out—but that can't be right. He was back on TV after that operation. When never it was, the moment wasn't cinematic. His last words weren't recorded. There was just his voice, and then there wasn't.

Now his hands do the talking. They are delicate, long-fingered, wrapped in skin as thin and translucent as silk. He wears his wedding ring on the middle finger of his left hand; he's lost so much weight since he and Chaz were married in 1992 that it won't stay where it belongs, especially now that his hands are so busy. There is almost always a pen in one and a spiral notebook or a pad of Post-it notes in the other—unless he's at home, in which case his fingers are feverishly banging the keys of his MacBook Pro.

He's also developed a kind of rudimentary sign language. If he passes a written note to someone and then opens and closes his fingers like a bird's beak, that means he would like them to read the note aloud for the other people in the room. If he touches his hand to his blue cardigan over his heart, that means he's either talking about something of great importance to him or he wants to make it clear that he's telling the truth. If he needs to get someone's attention and they're looking away from him or sitting with him in the dark, he'll clack on a hard surface with his nails, like he's tapping out Morse code. Sometimes—when he's outside wearing gloves, for instance—he'll be forced to draw letters with his finger on his palm. That's his last resort.

C-O-M-C-A-S-T, he writes on his palm to Chaz after they've stopped on the way back from the movie to go for a walk.

"Comcast?" she says, before she realizes—he's just reminded her that people from Comcast are coming over to their Lincoln Park brownstone not long from now, because their Internet has been down for three days, and for Ebert, that's the equivalent of being buried alive. C-O-M-C-A-S-T. But Chaz still wants to go for a walk, and more important, she wants her husband to go for a walk, so she calls their assistant, Carol, and tells her they will be late for their appointment. There isn't any debate in her voice. Chaz Ebert is a former lawyer, and she doesn't leave openings. She takes hold of her husband's hand, and they set off in silence across the park toward the water.



They pass together through an iron gate with a sign that reads ALFRED CALDWELL LILY POOL. Ebert has walked hundreds of miles around this little duck pond, on the uneven stone path under the trees, most of them after one operation or another. The Eberts have lost track of the surgeries he has undergone since the first one, for thyroid cancer, in 2002, followed by the one on his salivary glands in 2003. After that, they disagree about the numbers and dates. "The truth is, we don't let our minds dwell on these things," Chaz says. She kept a journal of their shared stays in hospitals in Chicago and Seattle and Houston, but neither of them has had the desire to look at it. On those rare occasions when they agree to try to remember the story, they both lose the plot for the scenes. When Chaz remembers what she calls "the surgery that changed everything," she remembers its soundtrack best of all. Ebert always had music playing in his hospital room, an esoteric digital collection that drew doctors and nurses to his bedside more than they might have been otherwise inclined to visit. There was one song in particular he played over and over: "I'm Your Man," by Leonard Cohen. That song saved his life.

SEVEN YEARS AGO, he recovered quickly from the surgery to cut out his cancerous thyroid and was soon back writing reviews for the *Chicago Sun-Times* and appearing with Richard Roeper on *At the Movies*. A year later, in 2003, he returned to work after his salivary glands were partially removed, too, although that and a series of aggressive radiation treatments opened the first cracks in his voice. In 2006, the cancer surfaced yet again, this time in his jaw. A section of his lower jaw was removed, Ebert listened to Leonard Cohen. Two weeks later, he was in his hospital room packing his bags, the doctors and nurses paying one last visit, listening to a few last songs. That's when his carotid artery, invisibly damaged by the earlier radiation and the most recent jaw surgery, burst. Blood began pouring out of Ebert's mouth and formed a great pool on the polished floor. The doctors and nurses leapt up to stop the bleeding and barely saved his life. Had he made it out of his hospital room and been on his way home—had his artery waited just a few more songs to burst—Ebert would have bled to death on Lake Shore Drive. Instead, following more surgery to stop a relentless bloodletting, he was left without much of his mandible, his chin hanging loosely like a drawn curtain, and behind his chin there was a hole the size of a plum. He also underwent a tracheostomy, because there was still a risk that he could drown in his own blood. When Ebert woke up and looked in the mirror in his hospital room, he could see through his open mouth and the hole clear to the bandages that had been wrapped around his neck to protect his exposed windpipe and his new breathing tube. He could no longer eat or drink, and he had lost his voice entirely. That was more than three years ago.

Ebert spent more than half of a thirty-month stretch in hospitals. His breathing tube has been removed, but the hole in his throat remains open. He eats through a G-tube—he's fed with a liquid paste, suspended in a bag from an IV pole, through a tube in his stomach. He usually eats in what used to be the library, on the brownstone's second floor. (It has five stories, including a gym on the top floor and a theater—with a neon marquee—in the basement.) A single bed with white sheets has been set up among the books, down a hallway filled with Ebert's collection of Edward Lear watercolors. He shuffles across the wooden floor between the library and his living



room, where he spends most of his time in a big black leather recliner tipped back with his feet up and his laptop on a wooden tray. There is a record player within reach. The walls are white, to show off the art, which includes massive abstracts, movie posters (*Casablanca*, *The Stranger*), and aboriginal burial poles. Directly in front of his chair is a black-and-white photograph of the Steak 'n Shake in Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, one of his hometown hangouts.

He believes he's had three more surgeries since the removal of his lower jaw, Chaz remembers, four. Each time, however many times surgeons carved bone and tissue and skin from his back, arm, and legs and transplanted them in an attempt to reconstruct his jaw and throat. Each time, he had one or two weeks of hope and relief when he could eat a little and drink a little and talk a little. Once, the surgery looked nearly perfect. ("Like a movie star," Chaz remembers.) But each time, the reconstructive work fell apart and had to be stripped out, the hole opened up again. It was as though the cancer were continuing to eat away at him, even those parts of him that had been spared. His right shoulder is visibly smaller than his left shoulder, his legs have been weakened and riddled with scars. After each attempt at reconstruction, he went to rehabilitation and physical therapy to fix the increasing damage done. (During one of those rehabilitation sessions, he fell and broke his hip.) He still can't sit upright for long or climb stairs. He's still figuring out how to use his legs.

At the start of their walk around the pond, Ebert worries about falling on a small gravel incline. Chaz lets go of his hand. "You can do it," she says, and she claps when Ebert makes it to the top on his own. Later, she climbs on top of a big circular stone. "I'm going to give my prayer to the universe," she says, and then she gives a sun salutation north, south, east, and west. Ebert raises his arms into the sky behind her.

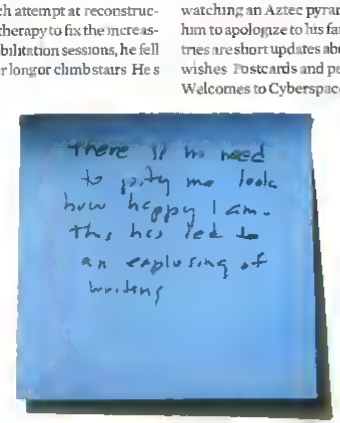
They head home and meet with the people from Comcast, who talk mostly to Chaz. Their Internet will be back soon, but probably not until tomorrow. Disaster Ebert then takes the elevator upstairs and drops into his chair. As he reclines it slowly, the entire chair jumps somehow, one of its back legs thumping against the floor. It had been sitting on the charger for his iPhone, and now the charger is crushed. Ebert grabs his tray and laptop and taps out a few words before he presses a button and speakers come to life.

"What else can go wrong?" the voice says.

The voice is called Alex, a voice with a generic American accent and a generic tone and no emotion. At first Ebert spoke with a voice called Lawrence, which had an English accent. Ebert liked sounding English, because he is an Anglophile, and his English voice reminded him of those beautiful early summers when he would stop in London with Chaz on their way home after the annual chaos of Cannes. But the voice can be hard to decipher even without an English accent layered on top of it—it is given to eccentric pronunciations, especially of names and places—and so for the time being, Ebert has settled for generic instead.

Ebert is waiting for a Scottish company called CereProc to give him some of his former voice back. He found it on the Internet, where he spends a lot of his time. CereProc tailors text-to-speech software for voiceless customers so that they don't all have to sound like Stephen Hawking. They have catalog voices—Heather, Katherine, Sarah, and Sue—with regional Scottish accents, but they will also custom-build software for clients who had the foresight to record their voices at length before they lost them. Ebert spent all those years on TV, and he also recorded four or five DVD commentaries in crystal-clear digital audio. The average English-speaking person will use about two thousand different words over the course of a given day. CereProc is mining Ebert's TV tapes and DVD commentaries for those words, and the words it cannot find, it will piece together syllable by syllable. When CereProc finishes its work, Roger Ebert won't sound exactly like Roger Ebert again, but he will sound more like him than Alex does. There might be moments, when he calls for Chaz from another room or tells her that he loves her and says goodnight—he's a night owl, she prefers mornings—when they both might be able to close their eyes and pretend that everything is as it was.

THERE ARE PLACES WHERE EBERT exists as the Ebert he remembers. In 2008, when he was in the middle of his worst battles and wouldn't be able to make the trip to Champaign-Urbana for Ebertfest—really, his annual spring festival of films he just plain likes—he began writing an online journal. Reading it from its beginning is like watching an Aztec pyramid being built. At first, it's just a vessel for him to apologize to his fans for not being downstate. The original entries are short updates about his life and health and a few of his heart's wishes. Postcards and pebbles. They're followed by a smattering of Welcomes to Cyberspace. But slowly the journal picks up steam, as Ebert's strength and confidence and audience grow. *You are the readers I have dreamed of*, he writes. He is emboldened. He begins to write about more than movies, in fact, it sometimes seems as though he'd rather write about anything other than movies. The existence of an afterlife, the beauty of a full bookshelf, his liberalism and atheism and alcoholism, the health-care debate, Darwin, memories of departed friends and fights won and lost—more than five hundred thousand words of inner monologue have poured out of him, five hundred thousand words that probably wouldn't exist had he kept his other voice. Now some of his entries have thousands of comments, each of which he vets personally and to which he will often respond. It has become his life's work, building and maintaining this massive monument to written debate—argument is encouraged, so long as it's civil—and he spends several hours each night reclined in his chair tending to his online oasis by lamplight. Out there, his voice is still his voice—not a reasonable facsimile of it, but *his*.

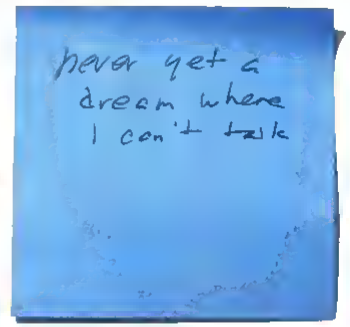


"It is saving me," he says through his speakers.

He calls up a journal entry to elaborate, because it's more efficient and time is precious.

When I am writing, my problems become invisible, and I am the same person I always was. All is well. I am as I should be.

He is a wonderful writer, and today he is producing the best work of his life. In 1975 he became the first film critic to win the Pulitzer prize, but his TV fame saw most of his fans, at least those outside Chicago, forget that he was a writer if they ever did know. (His Pulitzer still hangs in a frame in his book-lined office down the hall, behind a glass door that has THE EBERT COMPANY, LTD. FINE FILM CRITICISM SINCE 1967 written on it in gold leaf.) Even for Ebert, a prolific author—he wrote long features on Paul Newman, Groucho Marx, and Hugh Hefner's daughter, among others, for this magazine in the late 1960s and early '70s and published dozens of books in addition to his reviews for the *Sun-Times*—the written word was eclipsed by the spoken word. He spent an entire day each week arguing with Gene Siskel and then Richard Roeper, and he became a regular on talk shows, and he shouted to crowds from red carpets. He lived his life through microphones.



But now everything he says must be written, either first on his laptop and funneled through speakers or, as he usually prefers, on some kind of paper. His new life is lived through Times New Roman and chicken scratch. So many words, so much writing—it's like a kind of explosion is taking place on the second floor of his brownstone. It's not the food or the drink he worries about anymore—*I went thru a period when I obsessed about root beer + Steak + Shake malts*, he writes on a blue Post-it note—but how many more words he can get out in the time he has left. In this living room, lined with thousands more books, words are the single most valuable thing in the world. They are gold bricks. Here idle chatter doesn't exist; that would be like lighting cigars with hundred-dollar bills. Here there are only sentences and paragraphs divided by section breaks. Every word has meaning.

Even the simplest expressions take on higher power here. Now his thumbs have become more than a trademark; they're an essential means for Ebert to communicate. He falls into a coughing fit, but he gives his thumbs-up, meaning he's okay. Thumbs down would have meant he needed someone to call his full-time nurse, Millie, a spectral presence in the house.

Millie has premonitions. She sees ghosts. Sometimes she wakes in the night screaming—so vivid are her dreams.

Ebert's dreams are happier. *Never yet a dream where I can't talk*, he writes on another Post-it note, peeling it off the top of the blue stack. *Sometimes I discover—oh, I see! I CAN talk! I just forget to do it.*

In his dreams, his voice has never left. In his dreams, he can get out everything he didn't get out during his waking hours: the thoughts that get trapped in paperless corners, the jokes he wanted to tell, the nuanced stories he can't quite relate. In his dreams, he yells and chatters and whispers and exclaims. In his dreams, he's never had cancer. In his dreams, he is whole.

These things come to us, they don't come from us, he writes about his cancer, about sickness, on another Post-it note. *Dreams come from us.*

We have a habit of turning sentimental about celebrities who are struck down—Muhammad Ali, Christopher Reeve—transforming them into mystics, still. It's almost impossible to sit beside Roger Ebert, lifting blue Post-it notes from his silk fingertips, and not feel as though he's become something more than he was. He has those hands. And his wide and expressive eyes, despite everything, are almost always smiling.

There is no need to pity me, he writes on a scrap of paper one afternoon after someone parting looks at him a little sadly. *Look how happy I am.*

In fact, because he's missing sections of his jaw, and because he's lost some of the engineering behind his face, Ebert can't really do anything but smile. It really does take more muscles to frown, and he doesn't have those muscles anymore. His eyes will water and his face will go red—but if he opens his mouth, his bottom lip will sink most deeply in the middle, pulled down by the weight of his empty chin, and the corners of his upper lip will stay raised, frozen in place. Even when he's really angry, his open smile mutes it. The top half of his face won't match the bottom half, but his smile is what most people will see first, and by instinct they will smile back. The only way Ebert can show someone he's mad is by writing in all caps on a Post-it note or turning up the volume on his speakers. Anger isn't as easy for him as it used to be. Now his anger rarely lasts long enough for him to write it down.

THERE'S A RECEPTION to celebrate the arrival of a new ownership group at the *Chicago Sun-Times*, which Ebert feared was doomed to close otherwise. Ebert doesn't have an office in the new newsroom (the old one was torn down to make way for one of Donald Trump's glass towers), but so long as the newspaper exists, it's another one of those outlets through which he can pretend nothing has changed. His column mug is an old one, taken after his first couple of surgeries but before he lost his jaw, and his work still dominates the arts section. (A single copy of the paper might contain six of his reviews.) He's excited about seeing everybody. Millie helps him get dressed, in a blue blazer with a red pocket square and black slippers. Most of his old clothes don't fit him anymore. "For meaningful weight loss," the voice says, "I recommend surgery and a liquid diet.' He buys his new clothes by mail order from L. L. Bean.

He and Chaz head south into the city, she drives, and he provides direction by pointing and knocking on the window. The reception is at a place that was called Riccardo's, around the corner from the Billy Goat. Reporters and editors used to stagger into the rival joints after filing rival stories from rival newsrooms. Riccardo's holds good memories for Ebert. But now it's something else—something called Phil Stefani's 437 Rush, and after he and Chaz ease up to the curb and he shuffles inside, his shoulders slump a little with the loss of another vestige of old Chicago.

He won't last long at the reception, maybe thirty or forty minutes. The only chairs are wooden and straight-backed, and he tires quickly in a crowd. When he walks into the room of journalistic luminaries—Roeper, Lynn Sweet, Rick Telander— [*continued on page 164*]

ANNA TORV

THE SUNNY-HAIRED STAR OF FOX'S *FRINGE*—WHO LOOKS A LOT MORE COMFORTABLE WITHOUT THAT BULKY FBI UNIFORM—FINALLY REVEALS WHAT SHE THINKS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, VEGEMITE, AND WOMEN SPECIFICALLY, HER

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARI MICHELSON





nna Torv is thirty-one. She's from Australia (where she is much more famous). She's done a lot of theater, a few TV shows. We mostly know her from the creepy Fox show Fringe *as FBI agent Olivia Dunham, whom she plays as both hard-ass and naïf, fearless and innocent, aware that evil lurks but always surprised to find it. The classic combinations Torv has a sense of humor, too. And it turns out she's wise. Which is why we'll just let her speak for herself. Here, some essential wisdom from a charming woman. Along with a few pictures for context.*

• Everybody's funny if you love them.

• The apple is perfect because of the bruise that runs through it.

• I've read only fiction, so I don't know anything actual.

• I don't think I've ever burped out loud in front of anybody in my life. I don't think I've ever heard my mother fart. It just doesn't happen.

• If someone could see what I did in my twenties, I'd be *mooooooortified*. But you're supposed to go and try all that stuff, aren't you?

• Yeah, I guess I'm economical. Not because I try, but because I'm really not that interested in shoes.

• It doesn't cost anything to go to the beach.

• It's heartbreaking to watch a man cry. But it's heartbreaking to watch a woman cry, too, isn't it? With a man, though, it happens so rarely, so it's a sign. Take me. This is who I am and where I am.

• I don't want to be the "I'm fine, I can do it" type. I love to have the door opened for me.

• That sex scene in *The Pacific*? You don't get that on *Fringe*, do you? I don't think anyone finds them easy. It's not that I'm embarrassed about my boobs. It's just that some part of you really doesn't want that out there. At the same time, you want to get good at it. In the moment, what you're really thinking is, Shit, I need a mint.

• I don't find guys nervous around me.





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While the women we love offer up sublime beauty for our eyes, it's the workings of their minds that truly captivates. This inner beauty inspired DonQ to create LadyData, a study devoted to the unfiltered opinions of the ladies we love.

DISCOVER LADYDATA

DonQ

DonQ's
LadyData

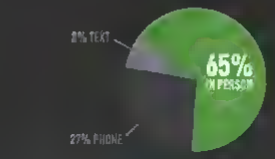
When you've been around for 145 years, you can't help bu
spent that time working tirelessly to perfect our fantastic
We created LadyData to apply our passion for innovation
It should take you far less than a century to benefit from

ELEVATE YOUR CONV



DATING

HOW SHOULD I ASK FOR A FIRST DATE?



Take advantage of your face time, not facebook. Man up and ask her out when you meet her.

FACEBOOK — GREAT FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL REUNION, KRYPTONITE FOR THE DATE.

"I'll be less likely to say no in person."

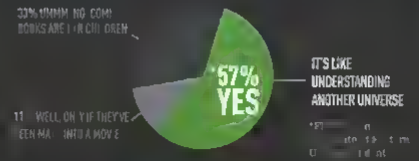
Morristown, NJ

DOES MY TITLE MATTER?

84 PERCENT SAID NO

WORLDLY-WISE

DO MY COMIC BOOKS COUNT TOWARD MY KNOWLEDGE OF ART & CULTURE?



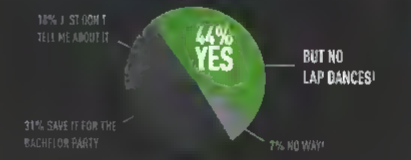


A far higher percentage of ladies from the East Coast will find your comic book habit adorable.

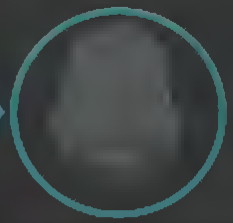
16 PERCENT SAID YES

MR. MANNERS

STRIP CLUBS — OK OR NOT OK?



68% PREFER STUBBLE



"Please don't suffocate the family jewels for this awkward look."



AS[illegible]Y, AGE 2[illegible]
Chicago IL
Drink of choice Cuba Libre

38 IN

62% O

DonQ

pick up a few lessons along the way. While DonQ has
rums, an informed approach enhances all aspects of life
to a subject that simply inspires passion—ladies.
his essential knowledge for any discerning gentleman

ERSATION

45%

MORE LADIES WHO LIST THEIR FAVORITE DRINK AS DONQ MOJITOS WANT TO BE CALLED BACK EXACTLY 1 DAY AFTER MEETING YOU VERSUS LADIES WHO PREFER DONQ Q-BA LIBRES.

"If you like her, call her."

NICOLE, AG
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38% Clean Shaven

NY JEANS

UT

ELEVATE YOUR SPIRITS, TOO.

FOR YOU

61%

OF LADIES SAID THAT LIQUOR ON THE ROCKS LOOKS BEST IN A MAN'S HAND

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Every variety of our DonQ Premium Rums has awards for superb taste and character on its resume, so we're confident that you'll appreciate the quality we've worked to refine for over a century—whatever your drink of choice may be

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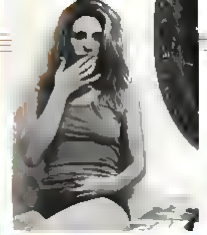
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But maybe guys don't talk to me if they're nervous

• They say Australians get that ten-yard stare It comes from the land and the horizon You can see all around you for as far as you can see So you just stare. I do it all the time.

• Sometimes there will be a line in the script and I just can't imagine saying it I'll ask an American and they'll say, "Oh, yeah That's how we say it " We just say things differently in Australia—like torch I'd ask, "Can I have the torch?" It seems to fall flat when I say, "Can I have the flashlight?"

• I don't go to clubs or places where people go to be picked up But if I'm out, I usually sit at the bar

• If someone carries your bag out in Australia, it's like a favor I always feel sick when I forget to tip the guy carrying it here

• It's a hard concept to get used to If I pay you more, you do it better

• I just can't bear to swallow Vegemite, and I don t know how people do it It's revolting If you want to try something from Australia go with Tim Tams They're sweet chocolate biscuits

• Depth I want somebody who's gonna need me

• I'm terrible at practical jokes I do them too well, so they're not funny I end up saying, "Oh, no, I'm joking, I'm joking. "

• I didn't know much about video games There are some awfully violent ones But Heavenly Sword is different I've had huge conversations with a friend who made it. I think what he wants to do is to make the player care Yes, there's killing But the character I play in Heavenly Sword, Nariko, is ultimately protecting her family and this runaway girl It's a beautiful game It's beyond a video game. The landscape is to protect and to care. My friend is working toward a world where you get an emotion out of the people who are playing it. See if you can make them cry if they couldn't save the people who they were trying to protect. This isn't Pac-Man.

• It doesn't necessarily matter what your answer is to the question What is art? So long as you have one.

• A friend of mine says his two favorite artists are Picasso and Rembrandt Picasso because he paints the beautiful in such an ugly fashion And Rembrandt because he paints the ugly so beautifully

• I don't feel like I've hit my stride So I wonder what the moment will be when I get to be who I want to be

Anna wore five different outfits for our photo shoot some more substantial than others. See more of them at

THE ESSENTIALS

WOMEN

KEY FACTS

PERCENTAGE OF AMERICAN WOMEN WHO'VE HAD OR WILL HAVE PREMARITAL SEX IN THEIR LIFETIME

94

MEDIAN INCOME

$638

a week, or 80 percent of men's income

Overall, women claim to be happier than men with their lives and more often report that they have made personal progress in the last five years.

AVERAGE WEIGHT

164.7 POUNDS

Women are often cold because they have less muscle mass, which produces body heat.

AVERAGE HEIGHT

5'3"



Women are better drivers than men, at least judging by how many of us die in car accidents.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF SEX PARTNERS IN LIFETIME

ELEVEN

PERCENTAGE OF WOMEN EIGHTEEN YEARS AND OVER WHO CURRENTLY SMOKE

18

AVERAGE NUMBER OF TIMES WOMEN HAVE SEX EACH WEEK

Five or less:

94%

Six to nine:

5%

Ten or more:

2%

On average:

2.3 TIMES

AVERAGE WEIGHT GAIN BY AGE (IN LBS)

30s	+12.5
40s	+3.2
50s	+6.3
60s	-7.8

AVERAGE NUMBER OF TIMES WOMEN MASTURBATE

2.8 A WEEK

Actually, it turns out women have a lower pain threshold than men.

WHAT I'VE LEARNED



Stacey Grenrock Woods, Esquire sex columnist and woman

Women don't like explosions, in art or in life.

Women aren't as funny as men. We're often cleverer, frequently wittier, but to be really funny demands a certain clownishness that our grace just does not allow. It's fine, really it is.

We grow pathetic goatees and look awful in cargo shorts anyway.

Women are aware of about 10 percent of the things men actually think and say about us. Best to keep it under five.

Women love to be taken out to eat. It makes our day.

A clean apartment will get you more tail than you'd think.

Given the chance, women will smell and re-smell the scented-candle display at the store. We really can do this for ages.

Our clothes are complicated, our shoes unforgiving, and our constitutions delicate, so please, valet park.

Every living woman likes wedding crap. Even lesbians.

"Girls night out" is usually some other woman's idea.

Oftentimes, women simply want to be back and get laid.

One orgasm is usually enough.

Women would rather be with you. We like you. Honestly, we talk about you all the time.

THINGS WE THINK WE'VE FIGURED OUT

FOOD
Thomas Keller (best chef in America may be) said to us the other day: If you know how to make only one thing, know how to roast a chicken. Makes the house smell good.

CORSOLIRG
Always carry a clean handkerchief.

LISTERIRG *(because we don't do it well)*
Just be quiet. Please. For her: Stare into her eyes and be quiet. Give her advice only when she asks for it.

ERTRARCES ARO EXITS
She goes first: Doors you've already opened, any place really, except
Yon go first: Movie theater rows (you're acting as the battering ram), revolving doors (you're getting the thing moving), cabs (you're sliding over so she doesn't have to).

"GREAT" VERSUS "BEAUTIFUL"
That's a beautiful dress, you look great. **FAIL**
That's a great dress, you look beautiful. **PASS**

ENGAGEMENT RIRG
1. If she doesn't tell you exactly what she wants, at least get some guidelines. Specifically: "Shiny or subtle?"
2. The cut. Round cut = shiny. Emerald cut = subtle. Everything else is in-between. Heart shaped, pear-shaped, diamond shaped: only if explicitly specified by her in writing, and then reaffirmed.
3 Color over clarity.

OTRER JEWELRY
Whether or not she likes it or would've picked it out for herself is beside the point. You thought of her, you spent time choosing and purchasing a gift for her. She will wear it. And even if she doesn't, she will gaze upon it fondly. Well done.

CONVERSATIORE WITR RER FATHER
Never, ever even hint at even thinking about poking fun at her in any way whatsoever. It's not funny. It will not endear you to him. It will not be found relatable.

HER FRIENDS
You get *one friend*. You have a right to find one friend intolerable. That's it.

EASY ARSWERS FOR COMMOR QUESTIORS
Do you like what I'm wearing? You look beautiful.
Do I look fat in this? Of course not.
Can you give me a hand? Of course.
Which do you like better: this one or this one? That one.
What the f--k is your problem? I love you.

NOT AS GREAT AS WE THOUGHT
- Roses
- Sex toys
- Cologne
- Being *really* great with kids
- Purchasing clothes for her
- A kissably smooth shave

BETTER THAN WE THOUGHT
- Knowing her favorite drink
- Writing a thank-you note to her parents
- Helping with her coat
- Wiping off the sink
- Toilet seat down
- Tucking in your shirt

WOMEN ON THEIR BODIES (IN ESQUIRE)

On Nudity

"There can be a certain hopefulness that precedes seeing your picture, naked or no... maybe I will see myself how others see me, but, more important, maybe I will look hot. Ultimately the pictures I like are the ones in which I recognize myself, in which ego doesn't figure into it."

– From "On Nudity" by Mary-Louise Parker, November 2002

On Beauty

"I'm a happy person. I'm a grounded person. I'm an honest person. I'm living the best life that I could ever be living. And if some of that is because I'm beautiful, I mean, holy shit! I am what I am, you know?"

– Brooke Burke, from "The Secret Life of a Beautiful Woman," by Mike Sager, April 1999

On Breasts

"I had scabs on my knees and... I could throw a football. I wanted desperately not to be that way, not to be a mixture of both things but instead just one, a girl, a definite, indisputable girl. As soft and as pink as a nursery. And nothing would do that for me, I felt, but breasts."

– From "A Few Words About Breasts," by Nora Ephron, May 1972

DOING

The list of things it's truly impossible to live without is pretty short--air, water, food, the dimples on a woman's lower back. But that doesn't mean there aren't plenty of things that we let become so important as to feel essential. As an experiment in necessity, we asked writers to sacrifice something they depend on, something ingrained in and important to their lives, for one month: long enough to feel its absence and to have to adapt to life without it. In keeping with that idea of sacrifice, we decided to include you (and our design department) in the exercise--to go without art and illustration on these pages. Be brave.

WITHOUT

DRINKING

By David Granger

The hardest thing about not drinking for one month is five o'clock. Or seven o'clock. Or whenever you would usually have your first drink. There's no physical craving to speak of. It's just that you've gotten used to having a drink. You've been drinking for a long time. Years. Decades. You've grown used to relishing the anticipation of the first one. The first drink is the one you've been waiting for, and it's just plain weird the first few times you deny it to yourself. In fact, the most difficult thing is not not drinking; it's saying to the bartender, "Club soda on ice, with a piece of lime." It's a little embarrassing.

The other hardest thing about not drinking is eleven o'clock. You've made it through your day and you're gonna watch some Jon Stewart. Or you've done the dinner engagement foisted upon you and now you've landed, spontaneously, at the house of some friends who are watching a late-night sporting event on the television, and nothing would be better than a nightcap or two. Or you've actually hosted a dinner party without drinking (no sweat, no one even noticed) and you just want to begin that slide toward sleep, maybe even nod off on the couch. Those are the moments when the drink not in your hand calls out to you.

Or sometimes, you just decide to sit down and ponder the vagaries of life. You know you go out onto your back deck. Maybe there's a sunset or something. Without a drink in your hand, you're doing nothing. You're just sitting there. People will worry. With a drink at your side, though, you're doing something. You're having a drink.

And then there are times when having a drink would just make your situation better. Say you go see one of your favorite musicians and his large band play and say that you are with the woman you love and some friends and say that one of those friends is a beautiful woman who--just as the music swells--sits down next to you. And say that she smells just fantastic and you're actually thinking, Well, this couldn't be much better. And just at that moment the guy in the row in front of you returns to his seat carrying two tumblers (real glass tumblers) containing ice and amber liquid and you can hear the clink of the ice against the glass (or think you can) and, moments later, you swear that you can smell that the liquid is, in fact, bourbon. Well, that's when you realize that this moment actually could be better.

Overall, the first eleven days are the worst. For the first eleven days, it's all downside, no benefit. You don't need a drink, but you also don't see any real reason *not* to drink. But as the days crawl toward the halfway point, you begin to see some upside. You have no trouble falling asleep, which is a surprise. Your mood is better, you feel more optimistic. If you're an athlete, you become better at your sport: You see the ball more clearly, you are a little quicker, the next day a little less sore. You work out harder--and feel better afterward. It's nice, at the end of the night, not to have to think about whether you can drive home or not. You're hungrier, which may be a mixed blessing. You sleep more, not less. And as the month of your estrangement from alcohol winds down, each of the positive effects get a little more pronounced. (The surprising thing is that you don't lose any weight. Your cholesterol level changes only slightly, though for the better.)

In the end, on the last day, you have mixed feelings about that first drink. The day after your first day back, you decide not to drink. The day after that, too. But then you slide back into your old life. You get drunk a lot faster than you remember. (This remains true for some time.) As much as anything, the month teaches you that not drinking is an option. Just not an option that you will choose all that often.

E-MAIL

By Peter Martin

Thirty days after I'd last looked, I finally checked my e-mail: 1,873. Among the things I'd missed in four weeks: a friend's thirtieth-birthday party, multiple new-puppy updates from my parents (who still don't quite understand out-of-office messages), a chance to make $722 a day working from home, and a holiday cookie exchange. So not much.

That's not to say a month without e-mail wasn't a challenge. In the past five years, I've done everything I could to limit my personal interaction with anyone but family and friends. I turned my ringer off at work. My voice mail directed people to my e-mail, if they left a message anyway, I responded with an e-mail. When I had something to say to the guy next to me at the office, I e-mailed. And I liked it that way. On e-mail, I had control of how and when I dealt with people. I had time to think and self-edit. Without it, I'd be at the mercy of immediacy. Worse than that, I'd be at the mercy of everyone I normally avoided.

Once I got over the confusing paralysis of a broken routine—of not having anything to check every time I returned to my desk or needed a way to procrastinate—I was surprised to find out that I actually enjoyed talking to people. I ended up helping one woman pick a Christmas present for her brother, and discovered that another woman with whom I'd e-mailed for years wasn't at all the shrew I assumed her to be from the tone of her e-mails.

Still, there were challenges. I became way too familiar with the phrase, "While I have you on the phone ..." I found some people to be so sour that e-mail is the only way anyone should have to deal with them. And asking for money got even harder. (Interestingly, a bumbling voice mail requesting payment for a freelance assignment got no response, but three weeks later, when I e-mailed the same question, I heard back within hours.)

Then there were the inconveniences. Having to call our office assistant just to tell her that we were out of dish soap felt silly—and kind of dickish. I learned that Web links were never meant to be read over the phone. And one thing I didn't realize until I showed up at an office three hours early for a meeting: E-mails are really important as a means of confirmation.

I felt handicapped. Pitied. And judging from most people's reactions to my asking them to call, fax, or write me a memo, annoying. I also felt out of the loop. E-mail has become so standard, so expected, it was easy for people to forget I wasn't using it. And so it was easy for me to be left out of things. Small things, like when my boss's mom sent holiday peanut brittle, but also big things, like the time I found out about an important meeting just three hours before it happened. One day it meant going to what I thought was a regular lunch with colleagues, only to find out partway through that we were celebrating one of them getting engaged.

While I surprised myself by how much I liked the benefits that came with not having e-mail—extra productivity, making myself a priority and getting immediate answers by calling people, knowing that people had to decide it was worth their effort to contact me, and feeling kinda good about contributing to that guy's Christmas—there's no way I could live like that. I appreciate too much the added barrier that e-mail gives me. Besides, I'm still pissed about the peanut brittle.

THE NEWS

By Richard Dorment

I've been a news junkie for most of my life, and like a regular junkie, I've never been all that particular about what I consume. Politico and TMZ, *The Economist* and *Us Weekly*, *60 Minutes* and *The Daily Show*. Prior to my little monthlong news fast, I read and watched and listened to everything I could, partly out of genuine curiosity and partly out of professional responsibility. I liked how it made me feel. I liked impressing people by knowing more than they did. I liked being able to pick up on obscure references. I liked that I required no explanation. It's a wonderful feeling, the sense that the rest of the world is always five minutes behind you. It's also a terrible kind of hubris, and I knew it.

Everything had to go. I cleared out my browser's bookmark bar. I canceled planned recordings of news shows. Magazines and newspapers sat unread. I let myself pick up information from casual conversation, but I never directly asked for it. And the first few days, well, they were just awesome. Without the hourly news jolts, I felt productive and relaxed. I read novels during my daily commute. I straight-up ignored Chris Matthews. Bliss.

Then things got weird. The beginning of the second week, I felt like I was losing my grip on the world. Colleagues would laugh about something that had just happened and I'd nod and wait for someone to change the topic. I'd pick up odds and ends—Khalid Sheikh Mohammed this, Lou Dobbs that. Tiger Woods car accident, blah, blah—but nothing I could sink my teeth into. I realized that I'd come to depend on all those hourly news fixes to give me energy. I relied on talking about the news with friends and coworkers because I didn't really have much else to say. Knowing about stuff might have been my thing, but it was also my crutch, and after two weeks without it, I was stumbling. The third week, I grew sort of anxious and then kind of depressed. The fourth, almost all I could think about was all the cool stuff I might be missing. I wanted the whole miserable exercise to end.

It did, eventually, and thirty-one mornings after I'd stopped paying attention, I checked out a news site and saw that, weeks after I'd heard the brief mention of Tiger Woods's car accident, it was still in the news. Weird. So I started to read about it, and, with all due respect to the Woods family, I was like a pig in shit. I moved on to the rest of the stuff I'd missed that month. The president's decision about Afghanistan, the one that seemed so imminent the day before I started my fast, still hadn't come to pass. Health-care reform remained a holy mess. With the notable exception of Tiger, nothing had really happened, and all that stress about what I thought I'd been missing went up like smoke. I saw that most of what passes for news today isn't really news at all—it's just variations on the same stories, recycled over and over again, filling the void until something, anything, actually happens.

I wish I could say that I don't read or watch as much as I used to—that I've become like those older generations of men who only read their morning papers at night—but I still like to keep up, even if my standard for what passes for interesting has gone way up. The urgency, the sense that I have to know everything and *right now*, is gone, and if I miss a show or can't deal with today's paper, I shrug it off. That's the great thing about news. There will always be more of it tomorrow.

UNDER-WEAR

By Chris Jones

KOALAS LOOK cute and cuddly, but they have murderous hearts and smell like the violent death they wish upon you. I tell you this not to warn you off visiting Australia but because I was reminded of koalas and their shit-laden fur every time I caught myself wondering these last few weeks whether I'd crapped myself.

When this ridiculous excuse for a magazine told me to go a month without underwear—OSHA's getting a letter, by the way—I was worried principally about chafe. I was blinded by my fear of it. In fact, made ignorant of more terrible possibilities. I became overly strategic about my pants selection. I trimmed my nutsack out of an unfounded paranoia that I might catch my pubes in a zipper. I even bought a family-sized bottle of talc.

I should have been more worried about removing what proved, in hindsight, to be the only thing that separates me from Australian marsupials, apart from my relative pouchlessness. Without my gitch, I suffered routinely (and visibly) from post-urination drip, making it necessary for me to wrap sweaters around my waist like soma tennis yuppie. Worse: I allowed the hairy kraken that is my asshole to lift that much closer to life's unsuspecting surface.

Going without underwear taught me that underwear is the body bag we wear before we die. It taught me that whenever my wife lets me in the same room, let alone the same bed, it's a god-damn miracle. It taught me that koalas aren't the only ones who suffer from koala ass. And most important of all, wet wipes. Alcohol-free. Sensitive skin. With a bracing splash of eucalyptus.

DRIVING

By Tom Chiarella

I like my car. I like my heated seats, my change drawer, my glove box jammed full of warnings. I like the little rattle of my golf clubs when I crest a hill, the groan of the driver's-side door when I shoulder it open, and the multiple-CD changer that I often forget for months at a time. Most of all, of course, I like driving.

I knew there was something to be learned in giving up driving for a month. I did so with the expectation that there was a form of radical pedestrianism yet to be asserted in small-town America. I had hopes of losing a few pounds, that I might learn to slow down, plan ahead, make better use of my time. I'd accept rides, root out public transportation, and walk more. This was not about going green. I was giving up the essential freedom of life on the former frontier, the power that follows the conquering of distance. I'd travel to and fro in cars whenever I could, but I'd never get behind the wheel.

Walking is grand and somehow righteous. It takes just a day or two to perceive the world as a series of pedestrian byways, arteries of foot traffic not evident to the mooks in their hybrids. Walk to work three times in a day, seven to nine times a week and the entire world shrinks. I started to see that I live on a manageable plat of urban space, in which proximity was more asset than option. I trod the cracked and inadequate sidewalks of my Indiana village, my brain routing the smug rhetorical realizations of a breathless Al Gore intern straight to my lips. Why would anybody drive? I said aloud. Why would anyone handcuff himself with finding parking, buying gas, dealing with idiots who don't understand who goes first at a four-way stop? I said this aloud, too. But there was no one there to hear it. They liked their cars.

I began to see routine chores as odd little challenges. I walked to the grocery store and schlepped home with a backpack full of potatoes. I walked to a distant pharmacy in a driving rain, walked to my son's first home swim meet on the night of the first real frost. The reward was ample enough. I always left on time, was never late, and my pants started to fit more loosely. I even fancied that I could forget my obsession with driving, forget my old ways, anyhow, and become a more careful, prudent driver by watching traffic as a pedestrian. It was all about choices, I told the empty space on the sidewalk next to me.

But then I ran into the need to get places—doctor's appointments, the airport, even a quick run back to the pharmacy. I was forced to ask for a ride. Soon everyone I ran into looked like a potential route to some pointlessly distant strip mall. My girlfriend, her daughter, my son, my guitar teacher, my lawn guy, my mechanic. I rode shotgun for the lot of them.

It was a sickeningly passive exercise. They took dopey routes, runrodded their own errands over the top of mine, and failed—again and again—to turn right on red. There's just no power in the passenger seat. When I rode, I was always late. My drivers just couldn't go straight out the door. They looked up and down for their keys or went back in the house for a quick pee or a cup of coffee. It was worse once we were moving. I winced as they waved other drivers through four-way stops or slowed like conformist automatons at the first flicker of a yellow light. I longed for the muscle memory of a voluntary lane change, for the stealthy power of a well-timed glance in the rearview mirror. I missed the autonomy of my own clock, my own agenda, my own vehicle, even my own bad habits.

With three days left, I hired a twenty-year-old college student to drive me around town. The kid had never driven a car before. I was banking on the blank slate. First we drove eight tenths of a mile to the CVS. It took thirty-four minutes. I'd never felt so far from home. For his part, the kid, my driver, loved it. And why not? He was driving, after all, sensing that soon he could be anywhere, and on his own time.

GOOGLE

By A.J. Jacobs

On a slow day, I use Google maybe sixty or seventy times. I Google while reading, watching movies, eating dinner. (Why argue whether Rob Corddry played Ari Fleischer in Oliver Stone's *W?* I can solve that in fifteen seconds.) There's no brand more enmeshed in my life, either online or off.

Usually, there are ways around Google—it just takes some Internet gymnastics. Dictionary.com told me the meaning of *wassail* (to toast with a drink). For restaurant addresses? Zagat.com. On the third day, I did something shocking: I called 411—it still exists!—and got the address of the Apple store. Also, I occasionally cheated. I sent e-mails to my wife such as "Esquire is making me go without Google. Could you please Google 'ugli fruit' for me?" She did, not happily.

Like I said, a pain in the ass. Like schlepping to a hardware store, then a drugstore, then a grocery store instead of just loading up at Costco. I suppose I should feel good about supporting marginally smaller Web sites—and keeping Google from knowing every one of my desires, projects, and fetishes—but most of the time I spent harrumphing.

The final day, I ratcheted things up. To really test myself, I did a day without search boxes entirely, which meant no Wikipedia, no IMDB, no Facebook searches. Now this was far beyond a pain in the ass. This was Internet castration. There was a world of information and no way for me to access it, leaving me to wander around in a thick data smog. I spent a lot of time guessing domain names, with only occasional success. How do I check my father's absurd assertion that Henry Winkler has a Ph.D. in Hebrew literature? I tried henrywinkler.com, but it doesn't exist. Famousjews.com, happydays.com. Nothing. Fonz.com turned out to be Friends of the National Zoo. Fifteen minutes of my life, gone. Thanks to God, the end of my project, and Google, I now know that, yes, the director of *Cop and a Half* is also known as Dr. Winkler, Emerson College Hebrew scholar. Google it.

SEX

By Mary-Louise Parker

ESQUIRE ASKED me to give up sex. The magazine said hey, just for a month, and I said hey-little periodical, you're deranged. A week later they called again, attempting to bring up other stuff in the circuitous route toward the plea *We need you to stop fucking.* I said yeah, probably not. The next week I blamed three aborted conversations on faulty Verizon service but was silenced when they hit me with *But Granger is giving up drinking.* I said yeah, but no. I could write about giving up something else, like bondage or Ebonics. Esquire said come on, how about two weeks. Two days, I said. Today and tomorrow. They said today is partly over, and how many times can you have sex in two days? I said you really want to know? and Esquire said kinda. I said I probably shouldn't share and Esquire said come on and I said what I thought was achievable and Esquire said whoa. The magazine agreed to two days. And I said okay, fine. Tuesday and Wednesday. You know this involves sex with oneself, they said, and I said whatever. If myself is so antsy I'll make coffee cake or knit. And so here I am on Tuesday morning and I feel good. I start to wonder if the hard part was making the commitment to abstaining and not the actual day-to-day struggle. But you know—

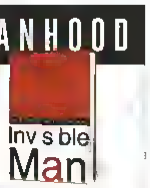
Editor's note: Shortly after this point, Ms. Parker called the Esquire offices and informed us that the experiment was being put aside indefinitely. We apologize for the inconvenience.

THE ESSENTIALS BOOKS

THE READING LIST

Five subjects, two essential books (one fiction, one nonfiction each)

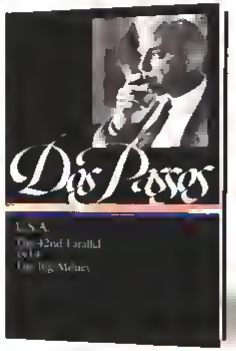
MANHOOD



***Invisible Man,* by Ralph Ellison**
The growling giant of great American novels maximalist and mythic devoured by and reborn in all the craving rage and lunacy of a nation—and a nameless young narrator—can hold. Sex and race politics and religion. In the age of Obama these things still scald and a man's identity is still defined by the scars he carries

***Dino,* by Nick Tosches**
There is no more peculiar voice in American letters—blunt unto cruel thick with bitter wisdom and fearless prose—than Tosches's *Dino,* a sprawling biography of Dean Martin. It is a masterwork heavily researched deeply imagined dripping with Tolstoyan love and contempt for the Italian barber's son who became an icon of twentieth century American manhood

***U.S.A.,* by John Dos Passos**
Many great American novels are about great American politicians. However, Dos Passos's epic trilogy—*The 42nd Parallel, 1919* and *The Big Money*—is simply about politics, conscious and unconscious, rational and instinctual, at a time in which the country itself changed forever and summed up by the author at the end of a section discussing the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti: "All right we are two nations."



***The Education of Henry Adams,* by Henry Adams**
The last, powerful yawp of a family full of Boston snobs who were nonetheless so mad for human liberty, they failed to see where it all would lead or in the case of great-grandpappy John, appreciate it very much when they got there. Adams rings in the twentieth century, buys a car, and deeply regrets that his high rent formal education has left him unprepared for the wonders to come. "Chaos often breeds life," he concludes, "Order breeds habit."

SPORTS

***The Professional,* by W.C. Heinz**
Sports fiction is mostly a repository of inspirational YA crap about the midget who makes the basketball team. Heinz's 1958 novel about boxer Eddie Brown and his big fight reads and feels like actual literature: lean, economical prose beautifully nuanced characters, action that's fierce and true. But the lasting lesson of Heinz: Losers know more about life

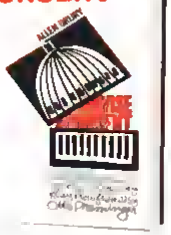
***A Sense of Where You Are,* by John McPhee**
A slim but not slight meditation on a young basketball star named Bill Bradley. It's ostensibly about what it means to be gifted in that blessed, almost mystical definition of the word, but the book's essence is its overriding sense of promise. Here: two men who went on to become the best at what they do, meet in empty gyms and college dormitories and decide between them what it will take to be great

POLITICS

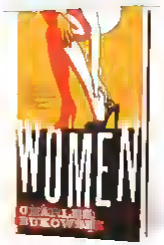
***Advise and Consent,* by Allen Drury**
Written by a 1950s newspaper hack whose beat was Capitol Hill, *Advise and Consent* has got closet cases and State Department commies, confirmation bloodbaths, blackmail, and suicide, and is as gripping today as when it first appeared fifty years ago. It's the book that made other people in D.C. think they could write (they can't), so stick with Drury's classic.

***What It Takes,* by Richard Ben Cramer**
In the summer of 1992, just as Bill Clinton was sealing up the Democratic nomination, Richard Ben Cramer published this gorgeous and absorbing undertaking about running for the American presidency. Problem was, Cramer had focused his giant talent on 1988, which seemed a yawner election by comparison. Poor Cramer, we thought, he got the wrong year. But that's why he's a genius and we are fools. Because this is the book against which all such books will be measured for the next fifty years.

ADVISE & CONSENT

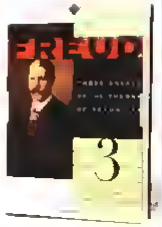


SEX



***Women,* by Charles Bukowski**
Henry Chinaski, the gritty, drunken poet protagonist of Bukowski's best novel, is an irresistible bastard, cock-first and rough, more than a little mean, eternally horny, broken, beaten, isolated, needy, and somehow smarter than he used to be. In private, no honest woman would ever shrug off the raw energy of his kind of want

***Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality,* by Sigmund Freud**
It's still easy to see why these essays horrified the world. Freud described a kiss as the mutual contact of the mucous membrane of the lips. He connected romance to perversion. He traced the architecture of adult life to the hidden sexuality of children. Brilliant, fearless, and, yes, a little nutty, he turned science inward and changed our minds forever.



THE 12 AUTHORS EVERY MAN MUST KNOW

And their one book you must read

SAUL BELLOW Everything you need to know about what propels the American male: "I am an American, Chicago born—Chicago, that somber city—and go at things as I have taught myself, free-style, and will make the record in my own way: first to knock, first admitted, sometimes an innocent knock, sometimes a not so innocent." *The Adventures of Augie March.*

RAYMORO CARVER A car hits a boy. A woman licks whiskey off her lover's belly. Nobody captures the darkness and hopefulness of everyday America better. *Where I'm Calling From.*



CORMAC McCARTHY Because he tells a truth most don't want to hear: that man is capable of terrible evil. *Blood Meridian*

ZADIE SMITH This is how smart, beautiful, postracial women think. This is prose so kinetic, it seems to break-dance. *White Teeth.*



WILLIAM FAULKNER Sometimes you must see the world through a fractured lens. *As I Lay Dying.*

FLANNERY O'CONNOR Because: "She would of been a good woman ... if it had been somebody there to shoot har every minute of her life." We all would. *The Complete Stories*

STEPHEN KING No writer knows more about our current cultural fears—the cold war anxiety of *The Dead Zone,* the post-9/11 fearfulness of *Under the Dome*—than Uncle Stevie. *The Stand.*

GRAHAM GREENE Have you ever felt as though you can't trust anyone, not your friends or your lovers, not your boss, your family, not your god, not even yourself? *The Quiet American.*

GEORGE ORWELL Because he is pissed off, uncompromising and unapologetically political. And because: *Down and Out in Paris and London.*

PHILIP ROTH He understands that at base, we're a nation of fearful poon hounds. Plus, he wrote the only great novel to end with a guy getting poked in the eye with a lork. *American Pastoral*



NORMAN MAILER Because behind the grandstanding—the run for mayor, the head-butting of Gore Vidal—you can sense that Mailer was as much a fragile soul as the last great literary man. *The Executioner's Song*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE We all come out of Shakespeare's pen—every one of us, every one of our stories of revenge, of ambition, of balaful and nectarous and incestuous love. *Henry V*

TIMELINE

Defining moments in book history

A.D. 105 Paper invented in China, originally made of fishing nets and rags.

7th century Spaces introduced between words. For pussies.

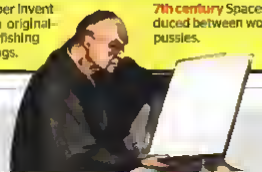
1010 World's first novel appears in Japan—*The Tale of the Genji.* (Or should we say, *Tail of the Genji.* Thank you and goodnight!)

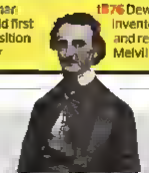
1455 Gutenberg prints the Bible, using movable type, paving the way for *Pride and Prejudice* and *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies*

1835 Edgar Allan Poe marries his thirteen-year old first cousin, securing his position as creepiest writer ever

1876 Dewey Decimal System invented by college librarian and renowned anal retentive Melvil Dewey

2010 Bated breath awaits the biggest releases of the year by Franzen, Shteyngart, and Roth. And *Beyond the Cleavage,* by Raquel Welch.





ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVIER KUGLER

THE ESQUIRE COLLECTION

Forget about all the clothes you have or the clothes you want: These are the only twenty-five articles of clothing—the absolute essentials—that every man needs to live a comfortable, well-dressed life

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFREY WESTBROOK

SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE?

We thought you might, which is why Esquire is pleased to introduce you to a technology called ScanLife that lets you buy every item in the Esquire Collection—right now, on your Web-enabled camera phone. Each article of clothing has its own unique black-and-white box called an EZcode, and when you scan an EZcode using your mobile device's camera, you can learn more about that item, get advice on how to wear it, or buy it with a few clicks or a phone call. Here's how to get started:

1

2

3

WIN THE ESQUIRE COLLECTION!

All month long, we'll be giving away items from the Esquire Collection to a few lucky winners. Visit esquire.com to enter for your chance to win, and see page 162 for contest rules.



LAMBSKIN LEATHER JACKET

By Dolce & Gabbana ($2,175)

THE ADVICE: A well-chosen, well-maintained leather jacket will last a lifetime. Make it brown for maximum versatility and keep it simple.



THE ADVICE:
V-necks over collared shirts, crewnecks over T-shirts and turtlenecks, shawl collars over anything.

WAKWEAR DUFFEL BAG
By Jack Spade ($525)

ALPACA SHAWL-COLLAR SWEATER
By J. Press ($150)

COTTON CREWNECK SWEATER
By Canali ($595)

CASHMERE V-NECK SWEATER
By J. Crew ($188)



COTTON JACKET
By Caruso ($1,665)

NAVY-BLUE WOOL JACKET
By Phineas Cole ($984; or part of suit, $1,484)

GRAY WOOL JACKET
By Boss Selection (part of suit, $1,195)

THE ADVICE:
Not all jackets are created equal. The smoother a jacket's cloth and the higher its shine, the weirder it will look with jeans or khakis.

STRIPED DRESS SHIRT
By Ascot Chang ($253)

SILK WOVEN TIE
By Salvatore Ferragamo ($160)

WHITE BUTTON-DOWN SHIRT
By Hamilton ($185)

SILK REPP TIE
By J. Crew ($50)

BLUE DRESS SHIRT
By Saks Fifth Avenue Men's Collection ($135)

SILK KNIT TIE
By J. Press ($90)



THE ADVICE:
Build your basic shirt wardrobe around whites and blues, and once you've got your solids down, move on to patterns.

THE ADVICE:
Khakis for weekday casual, jeans for weekend casual, and corduroy trousers for cold-weather casual.



K-1 KHAKI TROUSERS
By Dockers ($98)

CORDUROY TROUSERS
By Save Khaki ($100)

COTTON JEANS
By Levi's ($58)



THE ADVICE: Whatever shoes you go for, one pair should be unmistakably formal, one should be unmistakably casual, and the rest should be something in between.

SUEDE BOOTS
By J. Crew ($135)

CANVAS SNEAKERS
By Converse by John Varvatos ($95)

SUEDE SHOES
By Brunello Cucinelli ($745)

BLACK LEATHER SHOES
By John Lobb ($1,350)

BROWN LEATHER SHOES
By Salvatore Ferragamo ($670)



REVERSIBLE LEATHER BELT
By Canali ($175)

GRAY WOOL TROUSERS
By Boss Selection (part of suit $1,195)

NAVY-BLUE WOOL TROUSERS
By Phineas Cole ($500, or part of suit $1,484)

THE ADVICE: Gray trousers can be worn with gray, black, or navy-blue blazers. Navy-blue trousers can be worn only with navy-blue blazers. A reversible belt can be worn with anything.

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

CHARLES SCHWAB

ENTREPRENEUR, 72, SAN FRANCISCO INTERVIEWED BY MARK WARREN

>I was about thirteen when I started thinking about the stock market. My dad helped me a little bit. I'd see it in the *Santa Barbara News-Press*. These prices would change every day—what was that all about?

>Money was something that was in the conversation of our family all the time—usually about the lack of it.

>I did all kinds of things as a young person to try to make money. I had a chicken operation—I sold chickens. I can remember going to high school football games as a ten-year-old and gathering Coca-Cola bottles, 'cause you'd turn them in and get a nickel. I wanted not to remain idle.

>If there's not enough money in the bank account, you don't spend it.

>You don't know you're at the low at the time. You don't know you're at the high at the time.

>I bought all the books, but I probably knew on the first day that law school wasn't for me. I didn't give up until about ten days. I don't think I really told my father. I really didn't like my father knowing my things were not successful.

>I had not much to risk because I didn't have much to begin with.

>Very few dyslexics go off and become language majors.

>I didn't discover I had it until my youngest son had a difficult time in first and second grade and we went to have him tested. I was in my early forties. That's when I discovered that what I had was what he had. In some sense I'm glad I didn't know, because I just struggled as hard as I could.

>In '73, I changed the name from what it was, First Commander, to Charles Schwab and Company. To establish the name, you have to go to the state, and they had other Schwab companies. There was a Schwab drugstore, a Schwab this, a Schwab that. Finally I said to the lawyer, How about Charles Schwab? They can't take my name away from me, for goodness sakes.

>Everybody calls me Chuck! If you call me Charles, I know I've never met you.

>There's a man who caddies for me occasionally. Call him Sam. He said, "Mr. Schwab, I'm having a difficult time refinancing these two homes I've bought and fixed up. My intention is to sell them and make a profit." A month later I saw him again. He says, "I've been turned down by three banks, and I even went to the Schwab bank and they turned me down." I said, "Gee, let me look into it." Then he went on to say, "They asked me what my real salary was. I'd always sort of lied on this thing before, and I could get away with it. When they found out I was a caddie making about half as much as I stated, they turned me down." Well, Sam! What are you thinking about? I mean, that happened all over. There was no verification of employment. And he was smart enough to know that he was just skating on ice all the time, that he could buy these things and maybe they'd go up in value. But people got enamored with the certainty of making money on your real estate. And it didn't matter what you paid for it—just buy it and you can sell it next year. It was a classic bubble.

>My first instinct when it burst was, how was our family situated, and how was our company situated. And we were in very good shape. But we're a part of a big system, and that's what really began to worry me.

>Never invest short and borrow long.

>I had the full nuns. Those nuns beat into me good academic things, even though I was a difficult kid to teach, but they also really gave me a sense of moral background, moral bones, moral structure. They were wonderful, dedicated women.

>I don't know whether you like Amazon or not, but they've done an incredible thing for the consumer. Brought the cost of books down, the distribution, the Kindle. It certainly hurt local bookstores, but, you know, that's the way of the world.

>Investing has provided the best returns, frankly, of any place you can point to. The numbers are irrefutable.

>Say you're a person that ends up becoming a fantastic artist. There are ways to cope with your illiteracy in financial matters—you hire good people to help you. You don't have to *be* it, necessarily. But you have to understand.

>It's interesting how you see different friends develop. Some had unfortunate turns. They ended up in terrible marriages, terrible alcoholism, other abuses. You try to help them out a bit, but it's not enough. And it becomes resentful on their part.

>Obviously, friendship only comes with accumulated time. But I think it's, how quickly can I get to the point with a person where they can communicate with me in free and open and honest discussion about all aspects of their life?

>Some things you never talk about, of course.

>I can cook almost anything. It's always a little strange—I'm always the only guy in a cooking school. I got ten women in there and me. But it's a big part of our life, and I thought, I better understand more about it.

>That's how I learned a lot about investing—you just have to do it yourself. I try to tell everyone here, "Man, you've gotta taste the food." Nothing goes out the door here at Schwab unless I've tasted the food. ■



THE ESSENTIALS MONEY

— ESQUIRE PRESENTS

YOUR FINANCIAL BIOGRAPHY

AGE 25

Status. Single • No kids • No mortgage • Making money
Biggest expenses. Rent, cable, clothes, attending weddings, football pool, Esquire subscription, sandwiches.
Fears: None.

- *At every age you should have six months' expenses in liquid savings. For emergencies. But no one does that at twenty-five. Just start parking a few bucks each month in an online savings account.*
- *If you have a 401(k) and your employer matches contributions, pay in at least enough to take advantage of that.*
- *Get aggressive. Rule of thumb: You can put 70 percent of your money in stocks in your twenties, provided you've got the nuts to ride it out if the markets take a dive (and they will).*

AGE 35

Status: Married • Two young kids • Solid job
Biggest expenses: Mortgage or rent, groceries, football pool, the black hole into which you throw money to raise your children.
Fears: Affording college, not getting squat from Social Security someday, missing the next bubble, another huge collapse.

- *Retirement trumps saving for college every time, so keep the 401(k) cooking. Your retirement savings are still collapse proof.*
- *Reconcile the demands on your money with a Roth IRA. After five years you can take penalty-free distributions for qualified expenses, including your first home.*
- *Open a 529 plan for the kids' college. Compare plans at savingforcollege.com.*

AGE 50

Status: Could use some retirement catch-up • Good career, but you never know
Biggest expenses: Mortgage, home upkeep, property taxes, entertainment, kids' tuition.
Fears: Retirement, home value, America's diminishing role in the global economy.

- *Use a retirement worksheet to set goals—this one's good: choosetosave.org/ballpark. It asks stuff like when you think you'll die, but just go with it.*
- *Be less aggressive—50 per cent stocks. But take enough risk to beat inflation. One way to do that is to buy gold (in an ETF, rather than owning coins, which is weird).*
- *Consider an international fund.*
- *Make an extra mortgage payment each year. The less debt you have now, the better.*

AGE 72

Status. Retired • Could use some more income, especially now that interest rates are so low
Biggest expenses. Greens fees? Sir, can you help us out? What are your biggest expenses?
Fear. Outliving your retirement savings.

- *Work a part-time job that you enjoy. Could be fun, and it—along with Social Security—will allow you to draw less from your retirement accounts, meaning your balances will stay invested longer and grow more. And if your investments bounce back, you can quit the hardware-store gig and go sailing.*

ESSENTIAL MONEY WISDOM

Investment must be rational; if you don't understand it, don't do it.
Warren Buffett

For any sensible person, money is two things: a major liberating force and a great convenience. It's devastating to those who have in mind nothing else.
John Kenneth Galbraith

Money doesn't talk, it swears.
Bob Dylan

Of all the icy blasts that blow on love, a request for money is the most chilling and havoc-wreaking.
Gustave Flaubert

Money's only something you need in case you don't die tomorrow.
Carl Fox, Wall Street

THE GLOSSARY, ABRIDGED

Baltic Dry Index. Tracks the cost of shipping bulk basics like steel and concrete. Underrated economic indicator.

Euro: Newly favored reserve currency (formerly known as the dollar).

Federal debt: What the government owes its lenders—essentially, buyers of Treasuries. Major holders include China, Brazil, and your grandparents.

Federal deficit: The difference between revenue and spending—made up by selling bonds.

50 Cent. Rapper.

Friedman, Milton. Founder of postmodern macroeconomics, advocate of monetarism. *See also Republican.*

Keynes, John Maynard. Founder of modern macroeconomics, advocate of government interventionism. *See also, Democrat.*

Marx, Karl. Founder of socialist economics, advocate of proletarian revolution. *See also dreamer.*

PE ratio: Price-per-share versus earnings-per-share of a publicly traded company. North of 50 to 1 is a little crazy.

Smith, Adam. Founder of classical economics, advocate of the theory of the invisible hand. *See also libertarian.*

Stagflation. Something from the 70s.

Voodoo economics. Reagan policy claiming that cutting taxes would make everyone rich. *Syn. supply-side economics.*

White swan. An event so obvious that the market ignores it. Like, say, a housing bubble.



HOW TO TEACH YOUR KID ABOUT MONEY

BY THE TIME I began learning how to deal with money, I was forty-two and paying down fifty grand in credit-card debt. And while I'd like to blame my folks for not schooling me in how to handle a buck, the truth is that my early ignorance in no way excused my ongoing stupidity. I could've learned, I didn't really want to know.

My son knows. He knows how much my wife and I earn. He knows what we owe on the house. He sits at the dealership with us when we negotiate a car buy. He's aware of health insurance, life, home, and auto—and he knows not to mess with the IRS. At age ten, God love him, he knows that money is fire. It can work wonders if you can make—and control—it.

When he started losing baby teeth, I made sure the Tooth Fairy landed hard on both feet. I put a dollar coin under the pillow for each tooth, plus a $100 bill. I got calls from parents of classmates he told about this—they thought he was fibbing and they didn't understand when I said it was true and tried to explain why.

Why? Because a $100 bill is thrilling. Those zeros mean something, even to a little kid—hell, especially to a kid. One hundred is a huge number when you're learning to count. He wasn't going to take the money to Atlantic City and blow it on hookers and an eight-ball, we went to the bank, opened up a savings account, and on our way home I told him how that money was already earning interest for him.

No allowance. The kid doesn't work for us, he helps out because he's part of the family. We work long hours, my wife and I, and he knows that's how those $100 bills got here. He knows his job now is school and that working hard there is required.

I never thought of any of this as a philosophy. I think of it as teaching him a necessary craft—and as a different sort of insurance. Because my own teeth will start falling out in a while, and no pixie will slide bills under my pillow. I'm hoping that the kid'll be good for a couple of implants, at least.

—SCOTT RAAB



THE UPSIDE OF INFLATION *By Ken Kurson*

Until someone explains how a government can quadruple its deficit in a year and come close to doubling its spending in four, I will believe that our currency is slated for a serious—and possibly shocking—devaluation. Inflation is devastating to anyone who owns lots of stuff denominated in U.S. dollars (like say, cash in the bank or a Chinese Fort Knox full of T-bills). It erodes the value of every dollar you have—which is why the goal of investing is to build dollars faster than inflation undoes them. An employee who makes $15 an hour and finds that he can suddenly buy only three gallons of gas with an hour's wages instead of six has been made substantially poorer.

At the same time, inflation has all kinds of winners. Some are obvious—the guy with a bunch of gold bars is already cashing in via those "send us your gold in an envelope" commercials that should be interpreted as a precursor to the apocalypse. But other winners include those who have anything to sell that can be priced in U.S. dollars. Grocery stores, for example, will have pricing power they haven't experienced in years. And our $15-an-hour worker will likely command meaningful wage increases for the first time since the early '80s (shame that his groceries will cost more, but still...) and commodities from land to sugar to copper will command higher prices. Producers of American goods and the American hospitality industry should see demand grow.

As for what you should do if you accept the premise that inflation is afoot: It's pretty simple. Trade your dollars, which are declining in value, for stuff that appreciates in value. Gold, baby.

HOOD



THERE IS ONE PLACE, MORE THAN ANY OTHER, WHERE AMERICA IS AT WAR. FORT HOOD, AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD, KILLEEN, TEXAS, IS WHERE OUR WARS COME HOME.

BY BRIAN MOCKENHAUPT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WINTERS

War doesn't keep to a clock. It doesn't break for sleep, and it doesn't take weekends. And so that was artillery you heard last night from your bed. The rumble of exploding shells cracking the sky loud as thunder. Which war kept you awake? Well, both. Because Killeen, Texas, is every bit as much a war zone as Afghanistan and Iraq. As the home to Fort Hood, the largest military base in the country, this is where the war starts for thousands of soldiers processing through the readiness center, and it's where the war ends for thousands coming home. But it doesn't really end, because Killeen is always at war.

I served in the infantry in Iraq and could never get over how a country at war could seem so manifestly unaware of it, couldn't get over how our wars could be such a complete abstraction to so many people.

Then I came to Killeen, which is just like any other small city in America, except thousands of its citizens are combatants, and it is impossible to get away from the war. The mural in a local steakhouse shows a languid blond hitchhiker, with cut-off jean shorts and a bared midriff, angling to get a ride from an Apache helicopter; trains laden with battle tanks roll through town; the business marquees advertise military discounts; Guns Galore is crowded with soldiers, many just back from deployment, buying military-style rifles. "Some guys want the guns they shot," a salesman says. "Some want the guns that were shot at them." You see fatigues at the laundromat, fatigues at daycare, fatigues on a walk in the park, fatigues at the grocery, at the tattoo parlor, at school, at mosque, fatigues with eyes clinched shut kneeling in the pew.

Fort Hood, with about fifty thousand soldiers, has sent more troops to Iraq and Afghanistan than any other military post. One in fifteen hundred Americans is serving in the two combat zones today, but around Killeen that ratio at times is as high as one in seven. One of every four people here is in uniform, more than thirty times the national average. And if they're not in the Army, they work for the Army, they're retired from the Army, they're married to the Army, or they're born of the Army.

Hood has been the lifeblood of the surrounding communities for nearly seventy years. With so many steady paychecks, the town has been insulated from the economic pain that has debilitated so many other places. Soldiers keep the restaurants full and the car dealers busy, and 70 percent of Killeen workers are employed by Fort Hood. The area had withered during the first Gulf war, when many wives and their children returned to hometowns, so Killeen built parks, improved the schools and public safety, helped build houses soldiers could afford, and lured popular restaurant chains

so that when the next war came, families would stay. And when the war came, they stayed.

Since then, nearly 550 soldiers from Hood have been killed in Iraq and Afghanistan. Every so often, you can see the casualty-notification officers drive into neighborhoods and stir silent pleas: *Let them keep driving. Don't stop at my house.*

The town now has dozens of recent war widows, who migrate to one another for support. One woman moved from Germany to Killeen after her husband was killed to be surrounded by people who know the same loss. At a Killeen high school just outside Fort Hood, where eight of ten kids come from military families, hundreds of blue-and-silver stars line the hallways, inscribed with the names of deployed parents. Above the entrance hang nine gold stars, for the nine parents killed in action. In some Fort Hood mess hall, pictures of the dead hang on the walls. A soldier sits in a local cafe and plucks at a guitar and sings a song he calls "Dinner with the Dead."

Killeen is a town built on sacrifice, obedience, and duty. It's a company town, and business has been pretty good.

A long workday done, Chris Gojdycz eases himself onto a stool near the pool table. He woke up at 3:00 A.M. and marched seven miles to a shooting range, fired at targets all day, then marched home. Now he and Sean Villa, a buddy from basic training, drain a couple bottles of Bud Light.

"Did you hear that shit last night?" Gojdycz asks Villa. Nearly asleep, Gojdycz had rolled right out of bed and onto the floor at the first artillery report, sure for a sliver of a second that he was back in Iraq, on the Iranian border. "Over there, it was kind of funny," he says. "Here? That's not cool."

A waitress slides up to the table with a tray of Jäger bombs. Villa buys a round.

When they first came back from Iraq, they were drinking most nights, so they've been cutting back to just weekends, often ending up here, at Ernie's Sports Bar, on the edge of Killeen. They know the bouncers in case things get out of hand. Commanders periodically make some of the local bars off-limits because of the fights. But Ernie's hasn't been on the no-go list in a while, and this night's crowd is mellow.

Villa and Gojdycz spent a year in Iraq at a small forward operating base that regularly attracted mortars and 122mm rockets. The insurgents had a decent spotter, because the rockets landed closer and closer until one exploded in a neighboring tent, just beyond a row of tall concrete blast barriers. Villa ran around the wall and into the tent and found a soldier deconstructed. "There was a vest and a Kevlar, and the rest was just tomato soup," he says. The soldier next to the dead man had only been nicked on the forehead. "We call that military math," he says. Letters and pictures from the soldier's family had scattered across the floor next to a shard of a CD with the words FROM MOM written in marker. Villa was among the soldiers tasked to pick up the pieces, which didn't bother him at the time. As a boy, he helped neighbors slaughter sheep and pigs. And in high school he worked in a suburban Chicago funeral home. So he was used to blood and bone. "I wasn't trying to be John Wayne or anything, I just didn't know the guy," he says. "If it had been one of my buddies, I probably would have freaked out."

Same with the twelve soldiers and one civilian murdered on November 5 by Army psychiatrist Major Nidal Malik Hasan. The rest of the country freaked out. For a moment, the war had encroached on their peaceful, oblivious lives. It's not that it wasn't a bad scene at Hood, it was. It's just that here it's war all the time. "If it didn't affect your unit," one soldier told me, "it was business as usual."

Villa downs the Jäger. "We've buried guys," he says. "It happens. You move on."

Soldiers have an unusual line of work. Pressure builds. And this is what can happen when a war goes on as long as this one has.

Several soldiers I met at Fort Hood said they had been expecting somebody to start shooting, and were surprised it hadn't happened sooner. The night before Hasan's rampage, a soldier had gone walking through his neighborhood in Killeen carrying a loaded shotgun, he would tell a fellow soldier the next morning that he'd intended to shoot the first person he saw. And in the years before the shooting, several soldiers had been killed at Fort Hood. Another seventy-five killed themselves since 2003, during deployments or afterward, double the national average. Two of the killings, both in 2008, were murder-suicides. A soldier shot one of his lieutenants, then killed himself, and a sergeant killed his wife, also a soldier, and then himself.

A few weeks after the Hasan shootings, another soldier was murdered, and this one Villa knew. Several soldiers and their wives and girlfriends had gathered to drink at a small house in Killeen on the Saturday before Thanksgiving. Among them was David Middlebrooks, a twenty-year-old infantryman who'd returned from Iraq in June and would have been a civilian by Christmas. Soldiers he served with told me he'd been in trouble a few times for drinking. Every unit has a couple guys like that. Some don't have the discipline for military life; others are drinking or smoking away personal problems or combat trauma. They might get ostracized or picked on, and the joking can be brutal. Even if a guy's wife is cheating on him, he gets hazed mercilessly. He'll go along with it, with the guys, calling her a whore, too, but it destroys him.

"In the infantry, they just eat their own," Villa says.

Middlebrooks had already scuffled with two other soldiers that night. Near 3:00 A.M., he argued with a third soldier, who left the party but returned two hours later, when everybody was asleep or drunk. The soldier lunged at Middlebrooks as though to punch him, but instead shoved a knife into his heart. His friends found him outside, bent at the waist and gasping for breath. One soldier pressed a shirt over the hole in his chest, and another breathed for him, but Middlebrooks was soon dead. The next night, another soldier, Private Joshua Wyatt, was shot to death in his apartment in Killeen.

In a long war, they say, military life and real life can be very incompatible. And even the well-adjusted can become unmoored. Throw in a troubled soul, and Nidal Malik Hasan starts to make sense. So when you bring up the Muslim-terrorist theory of the Hasan rampage to the guys at Ernie's, they counter with an explanation far less exotic: the loser theory. "You don't have any friends," Villa says. "You can't get laid. You're a nobody. Of course you're going to want to shoot everyone up. Anyone who's read Freud can figure it out."

It seems plain that Hasan had become radicalized and that the prospect of fighting a war against Muslims had contributed to his derangement. But Hasan also had a pet parakeet, and he loved this parakeet dearly—so much so that he would even let the bird eat from his mouth. And when he rolled over in bed one day as he took a nap and crushed the parakeet, Hasan would never get over it.

And so to the guys at Ernie's Sports Bar. Hasan was a fanatic, yes, but moreover, a loser. And ultimately, the loser theory of Hasan's crimes may be more troubling than the terrorist theory. For in all the wide world, and at Fort Hood, too, there are a lot more losers than terrorists.

An Army major lives well. On top of an annual salary of about $80,000—and more for specialty professions, like doctors—the housing allowance exceeds $1,200 per month for those stationed at Fort Hood. A single officer might rent a duplex in Harker Heights or Copperas Cove, two nice areas near base. He'd have two or three bedrooms, a fancy bathroom, maybe a Jacuzzi, and a kitchen with an island—all for less than $1,000. While not military housing—those subdivisions, like Comanche Village and Pershing Park, are reserved for families—most of his neighbors would be soldiers. He'd see them headed to physical training before dawn. Maybe he'd grill with them on the weekends. That's what most Army officers do.

Hasan lived in downtown Killeen, in a dingy one-bedroom apartment, about 450 square feet, for which he paid $325 per month. The Casa Del Norte apartments are made up of two two-story buildings, seven units per floor, that face each other, with a grassy courtyard in the middle. Hasan lived in the eastern building, upstairs, in apartment 9, second from the end. From the covered walkway he could see the fence that separates Killeen from Fort Hood and hear reveille each morning.

As you walk into Hasan's apartment, the first thing that strikes you is that this is a room for an itinerant in an itinerant town. There's his prayer rug in the corner of the front room next to his paper shredder, his shoes piled behind the door, an Army physical-training uniform balled up on a shelf next to an empty box for a laser-pistol sight. There are clothes in the dryer. Walk into the bathroom and it looks as though he'll be right back. Toothbrush,





SEVERAL SOLDIERS I MET AT FORT HOOD SAID THEY HAD BEEN EXPECTING SOMEBODY TO START SHOWING, AND WERE SURPRISED IT HADN'T HAPPENED SOONER.



The essentials of Killeen, Texas: an M1 Abrams tank crew member; a sign at a car wash in town; Guns Galore, where Nidal Hasan bought the FN 5.7mm semiautomatic he used in the November 5 attack.

Crest, razor. Towels neatly folded. In a hallway closet sits a stack of personal business cards advertising BEHAVIORAL HEALTH—MENTAL HEALTH—LIFE SKILLS, with no mention of his military affiliation. In the kitchen, a book on Islamic dream interpretation and a cup of coffee on a small table next to an empty refrigerator and bare cupboards and a stack of papers on the counter, including an old psychiatry exam from his residency at Walter Reed. And next to the test papers, a letter from Texas State Low Cost Insurance for a claim Hasan filed in August when a neighbor, a fellow soldier who had served in Iraq, keyed Hasan's 2006 gray Honda Civic and tore off a bumper sticker that said ALLAH IS LOVE. Hasan told neighbors that, as it was Ramadan, he forgave the man, but he also complained to family and some friends that he was frequently ostracized by fellow soldiers and called derogatory names.

I step out of the apartment and stand at the end of the courtyard, talking with a retired Navy man who used to live nearby. He's heard about the Muslim slurs, too. "I'm black," he says. "I've been called names all my life. But you don't see me going and fucking with people. That's his job, to keep people from doing these kinds of things." We watch people trickle by to see the memorial erected in the grass: thirteen American flags and thirteen candles arranged in semicircles around pictures of the victims. The apartment owner initially had placed a bouquet of flowers in front of the building the day after the shooting. But several people, including an FBI agent, thought someone had left it as a statement of support for Hasan, so the memorial grew into a more obvious expression of sympathy for the dead.

A proud graduate of Sniper School pal kes at the Jack in the Box, the ubiquitous army stores and pawnshops speak to the transient nature of Killeen, the Black Hawk another of the town's ever present elements.

The Navy man tells me about a friend who was shot to death nearby. "This is a bad part of town," he says. "Infested with drugs and prostitution. Why would a major be here? He was a damn good loner for them not to know this."

Patricia Villa lived next to him, in number 8. She moved in a month before the shooting and had spoken to him just a few times, but had more interaction with him than most people. After the shooting, when another local saw Villa and said, "Your neighbor, he killed all those people," she wondered why Hasan didn't start his rampage at Casa Del Norte, and decided that it was because "we never did anything to him," she says. Other people have asked her if she's angry with Hasan. She is not. "I don't have anything bad to say about him," she says. "I'm grateful for what he did for me. He helped me a lot."

The Tuesday before the shooting, as she and her husband sat in lawn chairs on the covered walkway outside their apartment, Hasan approached, with his usual big smile, and handed her a Koran, in Spanish, which she couldn't read. The next morning he knocked on her door. "When you have time," he said, and gave her an English Koran. He asked if she'd like some vegetables and returned with three bags of fresh fruit and frozen broccoli and spinach. He stood in the doorway and peered into the apartment. The front room, which serves as her kitchen, dining room, and living room, was empty save for a table and two chairs and a portable stereo sitting on the floor.

"It looks like you need some furniture," Hasan said. "I have some shelves, and they match your table." He also brought folding chairs, an alarm clock, a microwave oven, a clothes steamer, and clothes for her husband. "Are you moving?" she asked.

"I'm going to Afghanistan," he said. "I leave on Friday."

"Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes."

Let it not be a Muslim, Osman Danquah muttered to himself as he watched the first TV news reports about a gunman shooting soldiers at Fort Hood. *Let it not be a Muslim*. And then he heard the name, which sounded so familiar: Nidal Malik Hasan. And then he saw the picture of the soft-faced, balding doctor who had recently sat for a meal in his home.

"Devastated, man," Danquah says. "I was devastated."

He and I are sitting on the green carpet in the large gathering space of Killeen's only mosque, a redbrick box on the southern edge of town that, with no minaret, looks disguised as a Masonic Lodge. Fifty men had shown up for Friday prayers. As snowflakes swirled outside, the men collapsed to their knees and brought their foreheads to the floor in supplication. They listened to the imam preach about a Muslim's duty to strive for peace. Now they are moving into a side room for a lunch of curried chicken, lentils, and rice. A man approaches Danquah, clasps his hands, and offers a greeting in Arabic, and then turns to me, hand extended.

"How you doing, man? You new in the neighborhood?"

"Just in town visiting," I say.

"Oh, you're just spying on us," he says. "That's okay. We invite everybody."

Danquah laughs deeply. He has become accustomed to scrutiny.

He moved to Killeen in 1976, driving from Panama, where he had been stationed for two years, through Central America and Mexico into the flatlands of central Texas. He grew up in the lushness of Jamaica but liked the open space of Killeen. He calls it elbow room. He bought land and built the house where he still lives, and he cofounded the Muslim community at Fort Hood. There are still few Muslims in the military today, several thousand, but when Danquah was drafted in 1971, there were basically none, and the Fort Hood congregation numbered fewer than ten. "I considered myself a pioneer in the military. When you're a pioneer, you don't have the ease and comfort. It's chopping down trees, it's running over snakes, it's building log cabins. You're faced with all kinds of trials," Danquah says. Negative reactions were limited in part, no doubt, because America didn't yet know what terrorism was, and wasn't yet at war in two Muslim countries. And for small-town America, Killeen had a well traveled population. Many residents had served overseas in the military. Still, the Muslims were often regarded with suspicion. "You're faced with prejudices. You're faced with ignorance. People fear the things they don't know. So it's an education process," Danquah says. "But it takes courage. It takes moral courage."

The Muslims moved from Fort Hood to an apartment in Killeen, and a decade ago built their present mosque. The community has grown to a hundred families, and among them are several active-duty soldiers and a dozen veterans. For Muslim soldiers newly stationed at Fort Hood, the mosque is a ready-made community, and Danquah reaches out to new arrivals. Late last summer, he invited an Army doctor to his home for dinner. Afterward, Hasan asked Danquah for counsel, as both a Muslim leader and a retired First Sergeant.

"What if a Muslim soldier comes to me with reservations about deploying to Iraq or Afghanistan and fighting other Muslims?" Hasan asked. "What should I tell him?"

"I said, 'There's no draft. All the people who come into the military are volunteers. So the question is, Why did he come in the first place?'" But what if the remorse only surfaces after the soldier has joined the Army? the doctor asked, and Danquah, fifteen years retired, gave a military man's answer. The soldier should tell his chain of command.

Danquah did not share Hasan's qualms. He had spent five months in the Middle East during the first Gulf war and says he found no inherent conflict in Muslims fighting Muslims, because the war was just. Explaining this to me, he cited the Koran for emphasis. If two brothers have a conflict, you should make peace between them. And failing that, take the side of the one that is right.

A month after the first dinner, Hasan again asked Danquah for counsel. "What should I tell a Muslim soldier who is reluctant to fight other Muslims?" he asked again.

"I said, 'Man, you asked me the same questions the last time we met. Do you think I'm going to have a different answer for you?'" The question riled Danquah, and even in the retelling his voice rises. He thought of the young Jordanian arrested in Dallas a few weeks earlier in an FBI sting after trying to detonate what he thought was a truck bomb. Hasan must be a federal agent, Danquah thought, posing as an Army doctor to trick him, to accuse him of sowing dissent within the military by telling Muslim soldiers their religion puts them at odds with America's foreign policy. Hasan was setting him up.

"I said, 'Something is wrong with you.' I told him, straight to his face. He just looked at me." A few weeks later, Hasan requested to be a lay leader at Fort Hood, ministering to Muslim soldiers, and the mosque president asked Danquah's opinion. "No," he said. "No. There's something wrong with him."

Others at the mosque noticed this, too. Hasan prayed there several times a day, but he made few friends and was painfully reserved. Victor Benjamin had prayed near Hasan the night before the shooting and spoke to him several times after prayers. "You ever see an abused dog? When you move your hand sharply, it flinches," he says. "But even before that, before you raise your hand, you can see it in the eyes." That was Hasan.

Benjamin, a recent convert to Islam, had started praying at the mosque a month earlier and saw the shootings as a test of his faith. He had served in the Army in the late 1990s as a helicopter crew chief and later worked for three years as a civilian contractor repairing helicopters in Kuwait, Afghanistan, and Iraq. He started reading the Koran in Tikrit, to learn something about the men pummeling his base with rockets and mortars. When he came home, he used alcohol and weed to fall asleep and to mellow himself against petty stresses, but he kept reading the Koran, which brought him to the mosque. "If I can't blur my mind with substances because I need to keep my lines of communication with God clear, that's a good thing," he says. He wears long sleeves now to cover his tattoos, though BENJAMIN is still visible across the top of his left hand. He can now say the basic prayers and is learning to read the Koran in Arabic.

Benjamin doubts the depiction of Hasan as either jihadi or traumatized soldier; rather, he sees him as a misfit, the beaten dog, who used Islam as an excuse. "He had a brotherhood. He had somewhere to find peaceful resolution to his issue. But that wasn't his desire. He perverted that," he says. "Islam was a safe haven for him. It gave him a sense of unity and brotherhood that







the military wasn't giving him. It's like a man who cheats. He's going after something his wife isn't giving him. For Nidal, Islam was his mistress."

Danquah and I move into a side room at the mosque, sit at a folding table, and eat plates of the spicy curried chicken and lentils and drink 7Up from plastic cups. He tells me about the Koran's teachings on caring for one's neighbors and the imperative to protect life and not take a life without due process. "There is no imperfection in Islam. Muslims, the human beings, have imperfections," he says. "We should never use the people to judge the book. We should use the book to judge the people."

Like other Muslims in Killeen, Danquah feels betrayed by Hasan, the newcomer they had welcomed into their community and homes. But he is also frustrated with the Army, to which he gave twenty-two years. "Clearly he lost his mind. And he lost it before he got here. And they knew it. And they didn't do anything about it. They kicked the can down the road. My mother used to say, 'Taking the shortcut draws blood. The long way only draws sweat. Don't take the shortcut.' I know the military is stretched, and they need all the manpower they can get. But the chain of command should be more in tune with their personnel. We don't kick the can down the road. We deal with the matter."

Danquah sucks the meat from a chicken bone.

"*Failure to act*," he says, pointing the bone at me. "Failure to act."

Now it's obvious to everyone that Hasan should have been discharged from the Army. He received terrible performance reviews, colleagues complained about his extreme statements, and he made it known that his loyalties weren't with the Army. But it's also obvious why he wasn't kicked out. A decade ago, fewer than 80 percent of captains were promoted to major. Today, because so many officers leave the military, often burned out by repeated deployments, promotions have jumped to about 95 percent. And because Hasan served in mental health, one of the Army's most critical but most short-staffed fields, there was even less incentive to get rid of him. Between basic training, medical school, and a psychiatry residency, the Army had already invested twelve years and several hundred thousand dollars in Hasan.

When he arrived last July, Fort Hood put him to work interviewing troops headed to and coming from the wars. Hasan would try to have several patients prosecuted for war crimes based on stories they told him in therapy sessions. The Resilience and Restoration Center, the post's outpatient behavioral-health clinic, to which he was assigned, is overwhelmed by the current level of need. Dr. Adam Borah, the RRC's clinical director, told me that "there's no question that the demand for services does exceed capacity." Every day 220 soldiers and family members cycle through the clinic with flashbacks, depression, anger issues, and all manner of disorders. But if you're not among the sixty-five or so daily emergencies—suicide attempts, homicidal thoughts, breakdowns—you'll have to wait up to five weeks for counseling. To ease that pressure, soldiers are regularly sent to doctors and therapists in Killeen and surrounding towns, which some soldiers prefer. The Army has made a serious push in recent years to reduce the stigma of seeking mental-health care, but many soldiers are still hesitant to talk to a doctor in uniform, concerned about professional repercussions or just being perceived as weak in a macho environment. "Soldiers are so terrified that if they ask for help, they're going to get kicked out of the Army. I've seen it time after time," a former cavalry scout at Fort Hood named Chuck Luther says. "They tell me 'I've got three kids to feed. What am I going to do?' I've been an infantry soldier since I was nineteen.' And they're right. The Walmart isn't going to hire this guy with PTSD who's trained to kill people and who got kicked out of the Army because they said he was crazy."

While in Iraq in 2007, Luther was diagnosed with a personality disorder, which the Army said had existed before his enlistment. He was sent home and discharged, with fewer benefits than if he'd been diagnosed with PTSD. "The day they kicked me out of the Army I was thirty-six, and I thought, What am I going to do now? Now I'm just messed up," he says. To protest the way he'd been treated, he planned to kill himself on the steps of the Fort Hood headquarters. But on the way home to retrieve a pistol, he thought of his pregnant wife and three children and figured that, at least for them, he should try to fix himself. He now runs Disposable Warriors, which helps soldiers, many of them with PTSD, navigate military bureaucracy. He still wears desert combat boots, because that feels the most normal, and a cell phone holstered on his hip that vibrates constantly. He lets most calls go to voice mail, but the names marked with asterisks, the suicidal soldiers, those he always takes.

Luther deals with a tiny minority of soldiers, but it is these individuals who are the most vulnerable and the most volatile, creating quite a problem for the Army. As the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan stretch on and the cases of combat stress mount, the Army has undergone a cultural shift, forced to pay closer attention to the needs of individual soldiers. For an institution that recruits and trains huge groups of young men and women—about seventy thousand a year—sameness and an ability to perform a task with competence and without complaint are prized qualities. Soldiers with discipline problems—let alone homicidal thoughts—absorb a disproportionate amount of a commander's attention, draining time and resources from the others, which can degrade group readiness and performance. The Army can ignore the soldier and hope the problem goes away, as it did with Hasan, or it can discharge the soldier for the health of the organization, or it can help him work through the problem, so he can return to his job.

In recent years much more effort has been put into the third way, with programs like the Warrior Combat Stress Reset Program. The three-week course helps soldiers overcome PTSD symptoms like anger and hyperarousal through individual and group counseling and nontraditional therapies like cranial massage, tai chi, and acupuncture. But space is currently limited to twelve per class, and figuring out which soldiers are worth the extra effort and which problems can be overcome is hard. Is the soldier a poorly disciplined troublemaker, or is he acting out because of combat stress or maybe a marriage hobbled by repeated deployments? "They go out and start drinking, and they start getting in fights, and they start getting angry, and beating people and killing themselves. The ugly comes out and they say, 'Well, he was just a bad soldier,'" Luther says. "No, he wasn't a bad soldier. Before you deployed him, he had commendations in his file talking about what a great soldier he was. Now all of a sudden he's a dirtbag because you broke him and you didn't try and help him?"

Military medicine thrives during conflicts, and those with broken bodies have fared better during these wars, outfitted with composite skulls and robotic limbs. But a mangled leg is far easier to recognize, and treat, than a fractured mind. When a soldier breaks, the pieces are hard to reassemble. So Fort Hood wrestles with a puzzle: How can it keep its soldiers from breaking?

Train their brains.

"People who get PTSD usually don't have the coping skills to deal with what they have to deal with, so their mind did the best it could and put walls up," says Jim Ruesch, a former Army Ranger and Special Forces sniper. "But if you go through proper preparation and anticipate every contingency, you tend to be more resilient in how you handle it." From a warren of old offices and classrooms Ruesch runs the post's Army Center for Enhanced Performance, which helps soldiers set goals, build confidence, and control their bodies' reaction to stress. If the mind works better under duress, soldiers might avoid situations that lead to lasting psychological trauma—shooting a civilian, for instance—or deal better with trauma that does occur.

In a nearby hallway, Specialists Jason Langston and Gregory Sibley, loaded with combat gear, trot on two treadmills. Sports psychologist Beth Athanas yells, "Stack!" and the two jump off, grab M4 rifle simulators that fire laser beams, and stack against a cement wall next to a metal door. Their chests heave, sucking in breath. Another soldier kicks open the door and Sibley and Langston rush into the room and shoot dead two video-game insurgents firing at them from two giant flatscreen TVs hanging on the walls.

"Did you have a chance to do the tactical breathing?" Athanas, who is running the exercise, asks them. She had taught them to calm themselves by breathing four seconds in, holding one second, and four seconds out.

"Your mind and adrenaline are going," Langston says. "It's hard to remember to breathe like that."

Sibley and Langston catch their breath as two more soldiers run through the exercise. Sergeant Daniel Scott, their team leader, follows behind and laughs when one insurgent doesn't fall dead. "Shoot the fucking dude," he says.

The performance lab is housed on Fort Hood's Resiliency Campus, the first of its kind, a city-block-sized compound that shows just how frustrated the Army was with its old approach to mending minds. In a former chapel converted into a spirituality center, soldiers can meditate or relax in plush chairs as classical music or Buddhist chants play softly. A small library has books about finding inner peace and the effects of battle on the soul. Outside, the Army built a reflecting pool with a gravel walking path, little waterfalls, and an arched bridge over pools filled with fish. The campus also offers counseling for marital and financial problems, two of the biggest sources of soldier stress. The commandant of the Resiliency Campus, a colonel who led an artillery battalion in a violent pocket of Baghdad, now sifts through resumés for yoga instructors and sketches designs for a massive rock-climbing wall in the campus's gymnasium, where fitness classes are taught. His latest interest is the stress-reduction powers of transcendental meditation.

Traffic is light in the spirituality center. Soldiers like Sibley and Langston still aren't sold on meditating and reflection pools, but they love Ruesch's brain training. The Fort Hood police officers who shot Hasan had trained at ACEP as well, and Ruesch runs me through an exercise they had done to improve attention and focus.

Ruesch hands me a rifle simulator and stands me in front of a large blank projection screen. Small targets appear one at a time, randomly across the screen. Some are marked with red *x*s, designating noncombatants. Into the others I fire two rounds, which show up as red laser dots. The exercise is mentally exhausting. As each new target pops up, I shift my attention to determine whether or not to fire. Another target appears and my eyes dart to the other side of the screen. All the while, a sensor connected to my earlobe measures the rhythm of my heart. The wild fluctuations jump across a laptop screen, like seismograph readings during an earthquake. I try to remember the tactical breathing but soon forget. I can feel my heart beating faster, my breathing ragged. When I focus on my heart rate or breath, I stop paying as much attention to the targets. I fail badly.

"You were too narrow in your focus," Ruesch says, which means that while focusing too intently on one target, I lost sight of the bigger picture, leaving myself open to being killed by another threat. Intense focus is extremely exhausting, and a body can maintain that level of intensity for only [*continued on page 162*]

IF YOU'RE NOT AMONG THE 65 OR SO DAILY EMERGENCIES—SUICIDE ATTEMPTS, HOMICIDAL THOUGHTS—YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UP TO FIVE WEEKS FOR COUNSELING.



Almost exercises at Fort Hood. Wherever you look in Killeen, chances are that the images on these pages will be what you see.

THE ESSENTIALS

HEALTH

SOLUTIONS TO SUDDEN HEALTH PROBLEMS

A GUIDE TO HEALING UNEXPECTED PAIN

By Dr. Mehmet Oz

BLISTER Don't pop it—the skin seals it antiseptically and the liquid is the perfect biological medium to regrow new skin underneath. If you *have* to pop it due to pain or inconvenience (like it's on your heel) sterilize a needle in alcohol or flame, puncture the edge, drain, and apply a Band-Aid with antiseptic

BLOW TO THE HEAD If you didn't lose consciousness, you're probably okay, even if you get retrograde amnesia. (You don't remember the actual hit.) Rest. If you do black out, go to a doctor. Period. He'll check for bleeding on the brain, which doesn't show obvious symptoms until too late and could kill you



BROKEN LEG Immobilize it any way you can—clamp it against a stick using strips of your T-shirt. Use another stick as a crutch and walk to get help

FEVER, EXTREME Fever is generally good. Your body survives it and germs don't. But if you hit 104, your immune system may be overwhelmed. Hydrate, ice the neck and head or take a cold shower, and get to a hospital



CUT OFF A FINGER You've got six to twelve hours to reattach. Pack the finger in a moist, clean towel stored on ice. Don't put it directly on ice. The meltwater will invade the cells and kill them. Don't apply a tourniquet, which will strangle the living flesh. Just use direct pressure to stanch the bleeding.

KNOCK OUT A TOOTH Don't touch the roots—you don't want infection to set in. Rinse the tooth in warm water and either push it back in to the socket or hold it in your cheek while you get to a dentist. If you can't do either, wrap it in a moist towel or place it in a container of milk or saline solution and keep it on ice en route.



SPRAIN AN ANKLE *RICE*—rest, ice, compression, elevation. Stay off it, apply ice regularly, wrap it gently (no tighter than a tube sock) in an Ace bandage, and keep it elevated above your heart as much as possible. But only for the first forty-eight hours—after that, gentle exercise helps strengthen the muscles and stabilize the sprain

THROW OUT YOUR BACK Move normally—this will keep back muscles from atrophying, so they can do their primary job of stabilizing the spine and let healing commence.

THINK YOU'RE HAVING A HEART ATTACK Lie down—that makes it easier for your heart to pump. Then chew an aspirin, which thins your blood and reduces inflammation. Third. Get to a doctor immediately. Obviously

UNEXPLAINED BLACKOUT You absolutely must see a doctor. A blackout can be a blip in your control system—a sudden move disengages the autopilot that keeps you balanced, triggering a faint. But you don't want to ignore it and find out in six months that you have a brain tumor that now can't be treated

WAKE UP IN AN ICE-FILLED BATHTUB MISSING A KIDNEY Call 911, pack the wound with a towel to stanch the bleeding, and keep it iced. Then call your loved ones

Dr. Oz is a heart surgeon and host of the nationally syndicated Dr. Oz Show

THE ONLY NUMBERS YOU NEED TO KNOW

BY DR. HARRY FISCH

115/75 mmHg — Ideal blood pressure. To decrease risk for heart attack and stroke

<100 mg/dl — Ideal blood-glucose level. Higher levels could indicate diabetes.

<100 mg/dl — Ideal LDL level. This "bad cholesterol" is the most important cholesterol to track

≤4 — Ideal level of PSA, or prostate-specific antigen, which can signal the presence of cancer in the prostate.

>300 ng/dl — Ideal testosterone level. Low levels are associated with infertility, fatigue, and low sex drive

Harry Fisch is a urologist and the author of The Male Biological Clock

YOUR FIVE BIGGEST HEALTH FEARS

Reported by MERYL ROTHSTEIN

HEART ATTACK

- **Eat better.** Avoid salt (which means processed foods) to keep your blood pressure down. Skip saturated fats (from four-legged animals) and trans fats (used in fried foods), which raise cholesterol. Eat more fish and nuts, which have healthy oils that lubricate your arteries
- **Floss.** One study found that the presence of gingivitis and cavities was as likely an indicator of heart disease as cholesterol
- **Have a drink.** Or two. Moderate drinkers are less likely to develop heart disease, and they're fun to hang out with.
- **Cheat.** If you've been dealt bad genetic cards, talk to your doctor about cholesterol-lowering drugs like aspirin, statins, and fibrates

[illegible]

- **See all above.** If blood's not flowing to your heart, there's a good chance it's not flowing to your penis, either
- **Sleep.** It increases growth hormone, which helps prevent impotence

GETTING FAT

- **Don't eat so much**
- **Push yourself** to the point of exhaustion a few times a week during workouts.
- **Eat better.** See "The Perfect Food Day," right
- **Keep nuts at your desk.** Walnuts and almonds help reduce inflammation in the arteries and suppress the chemical ghrelin, which tells your body it's hungry. Eat shortly before meals.
- **Walk fast-ish for thirty minutes a day.** You'll burn three hundred calories, forcing your body to start burning fat reserves.

[illegible]

- **Try something new.** Take a new route to work. Learn to play squash. New ways of thinking stimulate new neural connections, which can prevent memory loss
- **Do crossword puzzles**
- **Lower your cholesterol.** Cholesterol plays a role in the formation of amyloid plaques, a hallmark of Alzheimer's disease
- **Get vaccinated.** Not for dementia—wouldn't that be great—but for the other stuff. People who get vaccinations for influenza, tetanus, diphtheria, and polio have a dramatically reduced risk of developing Alzheimer's. They also have a dramatically reduced risk of getting influenza, tetanus, diphtheria, and polio.
- **Have your doctor check your homocysteine.** If you have too much homocysteine in your blood, consider taking B vitamins—folic acid, B-6 and B-12—which break it down

PROSTATE CANCER

- **Eat anti-inflammatories and antioxidants.** Scientists think inflammation and oxidation—tissue damage by oxygen radicals—allow cancerous cells to grow, but fruits and vegetables, whole grains, spices, and wild fish help prevent these processes. Foods high in folate (e.g., spinach), diindolylmethane (broccoli), lycopene (tomatoes) and phytoestrogens (soy) are thought to be especially useful
- **Exercise**
- **Avoid sugar.** It acts like a fertilizer to cancer, providing energy to cancerous cells
- **Relax a little.** Prostate cancer is common, but 90 percent of cases are caught in time to cure

THE HEALTHY MAN'S MEDICINE CABINET



Aspirin Good for thinning the blood and fighting the visible signs of aging by fighting inflammation. If you think you're having a heart attack, chew a couple.

Dental floss Unless you enjoy heart attacks. (See "Heart at tack," above.)

Moisturizer Lab Series Daily Moisture Defense because it has SPF 15.

Shaving cream Ren High Glide Cooling shave cream, to be precise. Contains biosaccharides to reduce inflammation and pumpkin enzymes—yes, pumpkin enzymes—to help prevent ingrown hairs.

Ibuprofen Good for headaches, yes, but also for exercise-induced muscle spasms.

THE PERFECT FOOD DAY

By DR. MEHMET OZ

BREAKFAST

- **Two eggs,** any way you like 'em. You can eat the yolks. Add some hot sauce, which contains capsaicin, a chemical that reduces appetite.
- **Black coffee,** a powerful antioxidant that appears to help stave off cognitive dementia. Cream, milk, and sugar are just fat and empty calories. If you use them, it had better be worth it.
- **Yogurt.** Without the fruit syrup at the bottom.
- **A doughnut** every week or so isn't going to kill you

SNACK

- **Almonds or walnuts.** Soaking them in water for an hour makes them taste better

LUNCH

- **Soup.** In the world of perfect health, clear and vegetarian (beans or lentils are good), not creamy or starchy. In the real world. You can have the chowder once in a while.
- **Salad,** which can include protein, like a scoop of tuna or some sliced chicken. Dress it simply, with vinegar and olive oil. No creamy dressings—that's just flavored grease. All the fiber in the soup and salad will keep you feeling full

DINNER

- **A quarter pound of fish or lean meat**—poultry breast, beef, or pork.
- **Simple steamed or boiled colored veggies** (carrots, beets, greens)
- **A glass of red wine.**
- **For dessert, a square of real chocolate** (with less than 70 percent cocoa) gives you a major sweet fix without the tub of calories.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK NERYS

Tim Pawlenty

[continued from page 87] the country in a very unwise and dangerous direction If you add up the TARP bailout, the auto bailouts, the stimulus bill, the massive run-up of deficit spending, the government-centric and ill advised health-care bill the cap-and trade bill not to mention what he has in store by way of tax increases—if you add all that up and more, just for the first year and a half of his presidency that is a very unsettling record And that s not just a Republican or tea party sentiment. There are a lot of people saying, Hey I voted for Obama but I didn't bargain for this

ESQ: Those are rather conventional political differences. Governor Rut at dinner Jon Voight talked about the Obama administration and said that not since the rise of Nazism has he been so concerned for his country And I don't mean to hold you accountable for the words of other people in your party, but this week Congresswoman Virginia Foxx of North Carolina said that the president s health care plan is a greater threat to our country than any terrorist. Help me out here· Is this just politics? Or do you really believe that this administration, this president, is a grave threat to the country?

TP: I think both sides have people who have genuine feelings and beliefs about what they think the proper direction of the country should be. I just think the other side s wrong I don't question motives or assigo some sort of label. But I think what President Obama and the Democratic Congress are offering is a dangerous direction for the country Not just because it's gonna cost us more, not just because taxes are gonno go up, not just because it expands governmont, but because of what it does to the American spirit As I view it there is an American spirit that is associated with the kinds of attributes about taking risk about taking responsibility, about a sense of respect for the private market and the power that it has in creating and rewarding wealth The government doesn't do that—the government redistributes, but it doesn't actually create wealth or prosperity And the health-care debate is a pretty good proxy for this struggle between these two views And in the case of the Republicans, what they see and what they're rightly concerned about is that it's another increment down the road toward government taking over more and more things. And it *worries* people.

ESQ: Let's talk about 2012 Why would you run?

TP: I think the country's in trouble. And I think I have a pretty clear sense of the values and principles that have made this country great. I've had a chance to govero and lead with those in mind, with some significant success in Minnesota. And I think the country needs that kind of leadership and insight and perspective So through my PAC, I m going to share my beliefs across the country And I'm gonna take the next year to see how that goes and make my decision late In 2010 or in early 2011 ■

Fort Hood

[continued from page 159] so long before something bad happens Ruesch teaches "soft focus" watching the center of the screen while using peripheral vision to scan and acquire targets. He compares it to a lifeguard s ability to spot the struggling swimmer at a crowded beach For soldiers, it could mean spotting a thin wire running across a road or a man peeking around a corner holding a detonator And by controlling breathing and heart rhythm, soldiers can both conserve energy and stay more clear headed in a moment of crisis

"That little edge" he says, "can be the difference in coming back on your feet or on your back."

It's odd to think of peaceniks in Killeen, but they re here and have been since Vietnam. Back in the day the gathering spot was a coffeehouse call Oleo Strut named after an aircraft shock absorber, meaning that this was the place to come for a soft landing, the place to come talk about your problems. Today it's been reincarnated as Under the Hood Cafe, opened last year by a longtime Army wife.

On Veterans Day, I sit with a dozen men and women at a long table under a shade tree outside Under the Hood Café and listen to Bridget Chamberlain read a story about her ex-husband s nightmares After Iraq, he had soothed himself with liquor and drugs, and at night she often sat in bed and watched him thrash in his sleep. "You never talk about why this happens," she says, her voice small "You say there s nothing wrong and everything will be okay Someday you tell me this will all just go away It persists. It is real It does exist I beg and plead for you to get help. You go along, still pleading nothing's wrong You pushed me away I wanted to help You broke down and finally went. Diagnosis PTSD"

Several nod in agreement "It's been five years since I was deployed " Aaron Hughes tells Chamberlain but I just think about how deep the ripples are how blind I am to how I affect the people around me "

Hughes works for Iraq Veterans Against the War which organizes the writing workshops to help veterans process their experiences. He served in Iraq as an Army truck driver in 2003 and 2004 "In military culture, you follow orders It s not about your feelings or your reactions to things. You re taught to react the way the Army wants you to react. That s what makes you a good soldier," Hughes says. "This is a different tool for tackling things outside of what we re given by the military Either you take some drugs or you go see a counselor There are very few options for self-healing."

"When everything else fails," says Malachi Muney, a local Iraq vet, "you can still get a pen and paper "

Three in the group are active-duty soldiers and members of IVAW, which puts them in a lonely minority at Fort Hood. Chance Mills an artilleryman who spent a year in Iraq, sought help from military mental health services for combat stress.

"I grew up a very angry person," Mills tells the others. "I felt powerless and I felt I could use all this rage I had in a good way" He reads a paragraph about the beginning of his Iraq deployment "Ready to kill ... I've wanted to be here all my life I can't wait to see a dead body I can't wait to make a dead body I can't wait to be a dead body Which way to the war?"

Which way? Any way you want, because all paths lead to the same place where the war over there and the war at home become one And on Veterans Day, the paths lead downtown, where a parade winds along streets lined with families, kids waving small flags A color guard of Fort Hood soldiers leads a procession of Cub Scouts Shriners in go-karts, marching bands, dance troupes politicians beauty queens, firefighters. and a dozen veterans groups. The parade seems vast and endless. I ask a man wearing a 1st Cavalry baseball cap if it is bigger than usual, if more people had turned out because of the shooting. "Nope, he says "It's about like this every year"

A dozen Vietnam veterans gray and soft, ride on a trailer led by two men hoisting a Welcome Home banner Learning the lessons of war sometimes takes decades. Farther back, a glimpse of the future: Tomorrow's veterans, hundreds of them, march in dark green dress slacks and light-green shirts, ribbons and pins across their chests. In many high schools the Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps programs are small, around Fort Hood, they are enormous. The students are ordered by height, tall to short. Some of those in the back are barely five feet tall, belts cinched around beanpole waists. They were no more than seven when America went into Afghanistan. Student platoon commanders march beside them and call out cadences The cadets thunder back in response. Coming from military families many of these boys and girls will soon join the military and march to the same cadences at basic training. They already know more about war than almost anyone else They know something about sacrifice, too, and they've heard the thunder of the big guns at night. But on this day they are still children ■

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Roger Ebert

[continued from page 121] they turn toward him and burst into spontaneous applause. They know he's earned it, and they don't know even half of what it's taken him just to get into the room, just to be here tonight, but there's something sad about the wet-eyed recognition, too. He's confronted by elegies everywhere he goes. People take longer to say goodbye to him than they used to. They fuss over him, and they linger around him, and they talk slowly to him. One woman at the party even writes him a note in his notepad, and Ebert has to point to his ears and roll his eyes. He would love nothing more than to be holding court in a corner of the room, telling stories about Lee Marvin and Robert Mitchum and Russ Meyer (who came to the Eberts' wedding accompanied by Melissa Mounds). Instead, he's propped on a chair in the middle of the room like a swami, smiling and nodding and trying not to flinch when people pat him on the shoulder.

He took his hardest hit not long ago. After Roeper announced his departure from *At the Movies* in 2008—Disney wanted to revamp the show in a way that Roeper felt would damage it—Ebert disassociated himself from it, too, and he took his trademarked thumbs with him. The end was not pretty, and the break was not clean. But because Disney was going to change the original balcony set as part of its makeover, it was agreed: Ebert thought that the upholstered chairs and rails and undersized screen would be given to the Smithsonian and put on display. Ebert was excited by the idea. Then he went up to visit the old set one last time and found it broken up and stacked in a dumpster in an alley.

After saying their goodbyes to his colleagues (and to Riccardo's), Ebert and Chaz go out for dinner, to one of their favorite places, the University Club of Chicago. Hidden inside another skyscraper, there's a great Gothic room, all stone arches and stained glass. The room is filled mostly with people with white hair—there has been a big push to find younger members to fill in the growing spaces in the membership ranks—and they nod and wave at him and Chaz. They're given a table in the middle of the room.

Ebert silently declines all entrées from the fussy waiters. Food arrives only for Chaz and a friend who joins them. Ebert writes them notes, tearing pages from his spiral notepad, tapping his fingers together for his words to be read aloud. Everyone smiles and laughs about old stories. More and more, that's how Ebert lives these days, through memories of what things used to feel like and sound like and taste like. When his friend suddenly apologizes for eating in front of him, for talking about the buttered scallops and how the cream and the fish and the wine combine to make a kind of delicate smoke, Ebert shakes his head. He begins to write and tears a note from the spiral.

Na, no, it reads. *You're eating for me.*

Gene Siskel died eleven years ago, in February 1999 from a brain tumor. He was fifty-three years old. He had suffered terrible headaches in those last several months, but he was private about his pain. He didn't talk about being sick or how he felt or what he expected or hoped for. He was stoic and solitary and quiet in his death. Siskel and Ebert were both defined, for most of their adult lives, by comparative measures. the fat one, the bald one, the loud one, the skinny one. Siskel was also the careful one. He joked that Ebert's middle name was "Full Disclosure." Ebert's world has never had many secrets in it. Even at the end, when Siskel knew what was coming, he kept his secrets. He and Ebert never once spoke about his looming death.

There are pictures of Siskel all over the brownstone—on the grand piano, in the kitchen, on bookshelves. The biggest one is in the living room, Ebert can see it from his recliner. In almost all the pictures, Siskel and Ebert—never Ebert and Siskel—are standing together, shoulder to shoulder, smiling, two big thumbs up. In the picture in the living room, they're also wearing tuxedos.

"Oh, Gene," Chaz says, and that's all she says.

All these years later, the top half of Ebert's face still registers sadness when Siskel's name comes up. His eyes well up behind his glasses, and for the first time, they overwhelm his smile. He begins to type into his computer, slowly, deliberately. He presses the button and the speakers light up. "I've never said this before," the voice says, "but we were born to be Siskel and Ebert." He thinks for a moment before he begins typing again. There's a long pause before he hits the button. "I just miss the guy so much," the voice says. Ebert presses the button again. "I just miss the guy so much."

Last February to mark the tenth anniversary of Siskel's death, Ebert wrote an entry in his online journal called "Remembering Gene." He calls it up on his screen. It is beautifully written, filled with stories about arguments, even pitched battles, but nearly every memory is tinged with love and humor. Ebert scrolls through each paragraph, his eyes brimming, the smile winning again. The first lousy balcony set had painted pop bottles for rail supports. Siskel had courtside tickets for the Bulls and thought Phil Jackson was a sage. His beautiful daughters, Cate and Callie, were the flower girls for the Eberts' wedding.

And then comes the turn. Gene's first headache struck in the back of a limo on their way to be on *Leno*, which was broadcasting from Chicago. In front of the audience, Siskel could manage only to agree with everything Ebert said, they made it a gag. That night Siskel went to the Bulls game because they were in the playoffs, but the next day he underwent some tests. Not long after that, he had surgery, but he never told anyone where he was going to have it. He came back and for a time he continued taping the show with Ebert. Siskel's nephew would help him to his seat on the set, but only after the set was cleared.

Our eyes would meet, the voice reads from Ebert's journal, *unspoken words were between us, but we never spoke openly about his problems or his prognosis. That's how he wanted it, and that was his right.*

Gene Siskel taped his last show, and within a week or two he was dead. Ebert had lost half his identity.

He scrolls down to the entry's final paragraph.

We once spoke with Disney and CBS about a sitcom to be titled "Best Enemies." It would be about two movie critics joined in a love/hate relationship. It never went anywhere, but we both believed it was a good idea. Maybe the problem was that no one else could possibly understand how meaningless was the hate, how deep was the love.

Ebert keeps scrolling down. Below his journal he had embedded video of his first show alone, the balcony seat empty across the aisle. It was a tribute in three parts. He wants to watch them now, because he wants to remember, but at the bottom of the page there are only three big black squares. In the middle of the squares, white type reads: "Content deleted. This video is no longer available because it has been deleted." Ebert leans into the screen, trying to figure out what's happened. He looks across at Chaz. The top half of his face turns red, and his eyes well up again, but this time it's not sadness surfacing. He's shaking. It's anger.

Chaz looks over his shoulder at the screen. "Those fu—" she says, catching herself.

They think it's Disney again—that they've taken down the videos. Terms of use violation.

This time the anger lasts long enough for Ebert to write it down. He opens a new page in his text-to-speech program, a blank white sheet. He types in capitol letters, stabbing at the keys with his delicate, trembling hands. MY TRIBUTE, appears behind the cursor in the top left corner. ON THE FIRST SHOW AFTER HIS DEATH. But Ebert doesn't press the button that fires up the speakers. He presses a different button, a button that makes the words bigger. He presses the button again and again and again, the words growing bigger and bigger and bigger until they become too big to fit the screen. now they're just letters, but he keeps hitting the button, bigger and bigger still. now just shapes and angles, just geometry filling the white screen with black like the three squares. Roger Ebert is shaking, his entire body is shaking, and he's still hitting the button, bang, bang, bang, and he's shouting now. He's standing outside on the street corner and he's arching his back and he's shouting at the top of his lungs.

His doctors would like to try one more operation, would like one more chance to reclaim what cancer took from him, to restore his voice. Chaz would like him to try once more, too. But Ebert has refused. Even if the cancer comes back, he will probably decline significant intervention. The last surgery was his worst, and it did him more harm than good. Asked about the possibility of more surgery, he shakes his head and types before pressing the button.

"Over and out," the voice says.

Ebert is dying in increments, and he is aware of it.

I know it is coming, and I do not fear it, because I believe there is nothing on the other side of death to fear, he writes in a journal entry titled "Go Gently into That Good Night." *I hope to be spared as much pain as possible on the approach path. I was perfectly content before I was born, and I think of death as the same state. What I am grateful for is the gift of intelligence, and for life, love, wonder and laughter. You can't say it wasn't interesting. My lifetime's memories are what I have brought home from the trip. I will require them for eternity no more than that little souvenir of the Eiffel Tower I brought home from Paris.*

There has been no death-row conversion. He has not found God. He has been beaten in some ways. But his other senses have picked up since he lost his sense of taste. He has tuned better in to life. Some things aren't as important as they once were; some things are more important than ever. He has built for himself a new kind of universe. Roger Ebert is no mystic, but he knows things we don't know.

I believe that if, at the end of it all, according to our abilities, we have done something to make others a little happier, and something to make ourselves a little happier, that is about the best we can do. To make others less happy is a crime. To make ourselves unhappy is where all crime starts. We must try to contribute joy to the world. That is true no matter what our problems, our health, our circumstances. We must try. I didn't always know this, and am happy I lived long enough to find it out.

Ebert takes joy from the world in nearly all the ways he once did. He has had to find a new way to laugh—by closing his eyes and slapping both hands on his knees—but he still laughs. He and Chaz continue to travel. (They spent Thanksgiving in Barbados.) And he still finds joy in books, and in art, and in movies—a greater joy than he ever has. He gives more movies more stars.

But now it's getting late, which means he has his own work to do. Chaz heads off to bed. Mollie, for the moment, hasn't been seized by night terrors, and the brownstone is quiet and nearly dark. Just the lamp is lit beside his chair. He leans back. He streams Radio Caroline—the formerly pirate radio station—and he begins to write. Everything fades out but the words. They appear quickly. Perfect sentences, artful sentences, illuminating sentences come out of him at a ridiculous, enviable pace, his fingers sometimes struggling to keep up.

Earlier today, his publisher sent him two copies of his newest book, the silver-jacketed *Great Movies III*, wrapped in plastic. Ebert turned them over in his hands, smiling with satisfaction—he wrote most of it in hospital beds—before he put them on a shelf in his office, by the desk he can no longer sit behind. They filled the last hole on the third shelf of his own published work, later this year, another book—*The Pot and How to Use It*, a collection of Ebert's rice-cooker recipes—will occupy the first space on a fourth shelf. Ebert's readers have asked him to write his autobiography next, but he looks up from his laptop and shrugs at the thought. He's already written a lot about himself on his journal, about his little childhood home in Champaign-Urbana and the days he spent on TV and in hospitals, and he would rather not say the same thing twice.

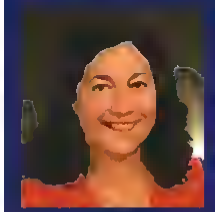
Besides, he has a review to finish. He returns his attention to his laptop, its glow making white squares in his glasses. Music plays. Words come.

Pedro Almodóvar loves the movies with lust and abandon, and the skill of an experienced lover. "Broken Embraces" is a voluptuary of a film, drunk on primary colors, caressing Penélope Cruz, using the devices of a Hitchcock to distract us with surfaces while the sinister uncoils beneath. As it ravished me, I longed for a freeze-frame to allow me to savor a shot.

Ebert gives it four stars. ■



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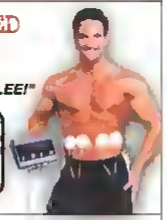


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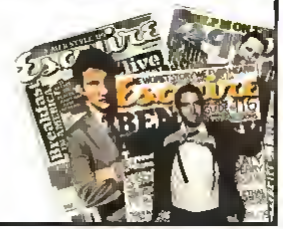
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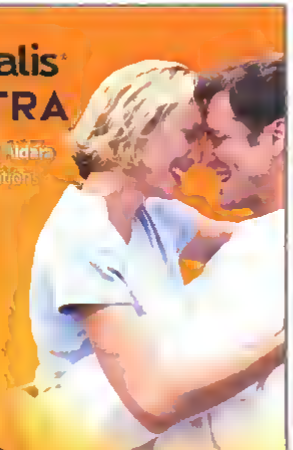
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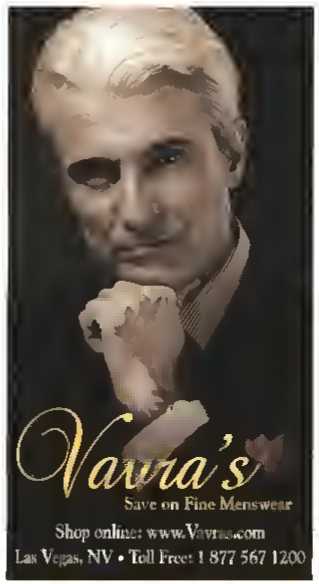
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BY ROSS McCAMMON

GENERAL MEASURES

3 tsp	1 tbsp
1 jigger	1½ oz
1 tangerine + 1 grapefruit	1 tangelo
1 "My pleasure"	1 "No problem's"
3 glasses of wine	1 stiff pour of Scotch
1 17-year old	1 asshole
18 photos	1 video
!	Wow
!!	Wow wow
!!!!!!!!	Enough already with the exclamation points Christ
2 Jesus Christs	1 goddammit
2 pricks	1 asshole
2 assholes	1 motherfucker
2 motherfuckers	It's on bitch!
2 Winter Olympics	1 Summer Olympics
1 reversible windbreaker	2 regular windbreakers
1 first-class seat	Drunk
3 psychologists	1 psychiatrist
1 blowjob	2 ¾ acts of intercourse
Lady Gaga	Christina Aguilera — pants
1 Shakira	3 cats fighting in an alley
4 Jennis	1 WOWW
15 Stans	1 SWOWW
A little music + a couple hookers + some cocaine	A good time
Irish + German + Nigerian + Indian + Brazilian + Native American	Hot
2 scrambled eggs + a little cheese + tomato sauce + a pinch of cumin + a tortilla	Not a bad meal

KEY SOCIAL MEASURES

80 texts	1 e-mail
14 e-mails	1 phone call
5 phone calls	1 face-to-face conversation
3 face-to-face conversations	1 relationship
1 relationship	Way too much work

KEY POP-CULTURE MEASURES

1 Hardees Monster Thickburger	1½ Burger King BK Quad Stackers
1 Hardee's Monster Thickburger	488 carrot sticks
1 Hardee's Monster Thickburger	1 Chihuahua
23 Chihuahuas	1 golden retriever
4 golden retrievers	1 baby
6 babies	TV deal

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